

Rosalynde.  
Euphues golden le-  
gacie : found after his death  
*in his Cell at Si-  
lexedra.*

*Bequeathed to Philautus sonnes  
nourfed vp with their  
father in Eng-  
land.*

Fetcht from the Canaries.  
*By T. L. Gent.*



LONDON,  
Imprinted by Thomas Orwin for T.G.  
and John Busbie.

1590.

Rolls

James Golden

and his death

in the year 1717

London

Printed by J. Sturges

at the Sign of the

Three Kings

in

St. Pauls Church-yard

1717



LONDON

Printed by J. Sturges

at the Sign of the

Three Kings





TO THE RIGHT HO-  
nourable and his most esteemed  
*Lord the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord*  
Chamberlaine of her Maiesties  
houshold, and Gouvernor of her  
Towne of Barwicke:

*T.L.G. wisheth increase*  
of all honourable ver-  
tues.



*U*cb Romanes (right Ho-  
nourable) as delighted in  
martiall exploytes, attemp-  
ted their actions in the ho-  
nour of Augustus, because  
he was a Patron of souldi-  
ers: and Virgil dignified him with his poems,  
as a Mœcenas of schollers; both ioyntly ad-  
uauncing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike and  
learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas, present  
her with bayes as she is wise, and with armour  
as she is valiant; obseruing herein that excel-  
lent ~~romane~~ *romane* which dedicateth honours accor-  
ding to the perfection of the person. When I

## The Epistle

entred (right honourable) with a deep insight into the consideration of these premisses, seeing your L. to be a Patron of all martiall men, and a Mœcenas of such as applie themselves to studie; wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and ayming with Augustus at the fauour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde: being my selfe first a Student, and after falling from bookes to armes, euen vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your L. Having with Capt: Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras & the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this booke; rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the worke of a souldier and a scholler, I presumed to shrowde it vnder your Honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all vertuous actions; and whose honourable Loues growen from the generall applause of the whole Common wealth for your higher deserts, may keep it frõ the mallice of euery bitter tung. Other reasons more particular (right Honorable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your L. as being a scholler with your two noble sonnes,

Ma-



## Dedicatorie.

*Master Edmond Carew & M. Robert Carew, (two siens worthie of so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruite) as also being scholler in the Uniuersitie vnder that learned and vertuous Knight Sir Edward Hobbie, when he was Batcheler in Arts, a mā as well lettered as well borne, and after the Etymologie of his name soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie euerie way, & the more fortunate, as blessed in the honor of so vertuous a Ladie. Thus (right honourable) the duetie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for where the braunches are so precious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commaunded and emboldened thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordship; I humbly intreate, your Honour will vouch of my labours, and fauour a souldiers and a schollers pen with your gracious acceptance; Who answeres in affection what he wants in eloquence; so deuoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is, to end his life vnder the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron.*

## The Epistle

*Resting thus in hope of your Lordships cour-  
tesie, in deyning the Patronage of my worke, I  
cease : Wishing you as many honourable for-  
tunes as your Lordship can desire, or I imagine.*

*Your Honours souldier  
humbly affectionate :*


Thomas Lodge.

To





## To the Gentlemen Readers.

Entlemen, look not here to find anie sprigs of *Pallas* bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous Lawreate, nor the pleasing vaine of anie eloquent Orator: *Nolo altum sapere*, they be matters aboue my capacitie; the Coblers checke shall neuer light on my head, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, I will goe no further than the latchet, and then all is well. Heere you may perhaps find som leaues of *Venus* mirtle, but heauen down by a souldier with his curtlexe, not bought with the allurements of a filed tongue. To be brieve Gentlemen, roome for a souldier, & a sailer, that giues you the fruits of his labors that he wrought in the *Ocean*, when euerie line was wet with a surge, & euerie humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so:  
and

## To the Gentlemen Readers:

and yet I will be yours in duetie, if you bee mine in fauour. But if *Momus* or anie squint-eyed asse that hath mightie eares to conceiue with *Midas*, and yet little reason to iudge; if hee come aboard our Barke to find fault with the tackling, when he knows not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that sawe no funne this seauen yeare, and either well be bast him, or heaue the cockscombe ouer boord to feede cods. But courteous Gentlemen that fauour most, backbite none, & pardon what is ouerslipt, let such come & vvelcome, Ile into the Stevvards roome, & fetch them a kan of our best beuradge. VVell Gentlemen, you haue *Euphues* Legacie. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of *Ter-ceras*, and therefore read it; censure vvith fauour, and fareyvell.

Yours T.L.

Rosa-





# Rofalynd.



There dwelled adioyning to the citie of Bourdeaux a Knight of most honorable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with manie fauours, and Nature honored with sundrie exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise hee was, as holding in his head a supreme conceipt of policie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all ciuill gouernment; and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *salem ingeny* and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Vlisses: his valour was no lesse than his wit, nor the stroake of his Launce no lesse forcible, than the sweetnesse of his tongue was perswasive: for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardie Knight thus enricht with Vertue and Honour, surnamed Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, hauing passed the prime of his youth in sundrie battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grew aged: his haire was silver hued, and the map of age was figured on his forehead: Honour sat in the furrowes of his face, and many peres were pourtraied in his winckled liniaments, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that

## Euphues

Nature of necessity chalenged her due. Sir Iohn (that with the Phoenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expyred, and could with the Swanne discover his end by her songs) hauing thre sonnes by his wife Lynida, the verie pride of all his forepassed yeres, thought now (seeing death by constraint would compell him to leaue them) to bestowe vpon them such a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and increase their ensuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong Gentlemen before him in the presence of all his fellowe Knights of Malta, he resolved to leaue them a memoriall of his fatherlie care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherlie dueties. Hauing therefore death in his lookes to moue them to pitie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, hee began thus.

Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux Legacie he  
gaue to his Sonnes.

**O** my Sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Destinies haue determined the finall ende of my daies: the Palme tree wareth away ward, for he stoweth in his height, and my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my graue that dischargeth all cares, and leaue you to the world that encreaseth many sorowes: my silver haire conceineth great experience, and in the number of my yeares are pend downe the subtilties of Fortune. Therefore as I leaue you some fading pelfe to counterchecke pouertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thee Saladyne the eldest, and therefore the chieft pillar of my house, wherein should be ingrauen as well the excellence of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his porportion, to thee I giue fourtene ploughlands, with all my Mannor houses and richest plate. Next vnto Fernandyne I bequeath twelue ploughlands.  
But



## golden Legacie.

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But vnto Rosader the yongest I giue my Horse, my Armour and my Launce, with sixteene ploughlands: for if the inward thoughts be discouered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceed you all in bounty and honour. Thus (my Sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you bee as prodigall to spend, as I haue been careful to get, your friends will grieue to see you more wastfull than I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin in your excessse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the Loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Apine your deedes by my honorable endeouours, and shewe your selues mens worthe of so flourishing a tree: least as the birds Halcyones which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that surpasse in blacknesse. Climbe not my sonnes; aspiring pride is a vapour that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake: they which stare at the Starres, stumble vpon stones; and such as gaze at the Sunne (vnlesse they bee Eagle eyed) fall blinde. Soare not with the Hobbie, least you fall with the Larke; nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you drowne with Icarus. Fortune when she wils you to flie, tempers your plumes with waxe, and therefore either sit still and make no wing, or els beware the Sunne, and holde Dedalus axiome authenticall (*medium tenere tutissimum*). Low shrubbes haue deepe rootes, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune lookes euer vppward, and enuie aspireth to nestle with dignitie. Take heede my sonnes, the meane is sweetest melodie; where strings high stretcht, either soone cracke, or quicklie growe out of tune. Let your Countries care be your hearts content, and thinke that you are not borne for your selues, but to leuell your thoughts to be loyall to your Prince, careful for the Common weale, and faithfull to your friends; so shall France say, these men are as excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sonnes, a friend is a precious Jewell, within whose bosome you may vnloade your sorowes and vnfolde your

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secretes, and hee either will releue with counsaile, or perswade with reason: but take heede in the choyce, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Calenders of trueth. When the Liquorice leafe looketh most drie, then it is most wet. When the shoares of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Baaran leafe the more faire it lookes, the more infectious it is, and in the sweetest words is oft hid the most trecherie. Therefore my sonnes, chouse a friend as the Hyperborei do the mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, & let them not bide the stamp before they be currant; so trie and then trust, let time be touchstone of friendship, & then friends faithfull lay them vp for Jewells. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardise is the enemy to honour; but not too rash, for that is an extreame. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limitted within bonds, and prescribed with circumstance. But aboue all, and with that he fetcht a deepe sigh, beware of Loue, for it is farre more perilous than pleasant, and yet I tell you it allureth as ill as the Syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt vp with times colours, which being set to drie in the Sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, & though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but losse and glistering miserie. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes where they pearce, inforce nothing but deadly desires: a womans eye as it is precious to behold, so it is preiudiciall to gaze vpon; for as it affoordeth delight, so it snareth vnto death. Trust not their flattering fauours, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon Steele, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth of, and their passions are as momentarie as the colours of a Poppe, which changeth at the sight of euerie object. My breath waxeth short and mine eyes dimme, the houre is come and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you loue, chouse her that hath her eyes of Adamant, that will turne



## golden Legacie.

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turne only to one poynt; her heart of a Diamond, that will receiue but one forme; her tongue of a Sethin leafe, that neuer waggess but with a Southeast winde: and yet my sonnes, if she haue all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent; yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficient vanities to counteruaile her vertues. Oh now my sonnes, euen now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my thris is sponne, and my foote is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsailes, and let them bee lodged in the secreete of your hearts; for wisdom is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall see & marke my sonnes the follie of man, that being dust climbeth with Biases to reach at the Heauens, and readie euerie minute to dye, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh mans life is like lightning that is but a flash, and the longest date of his yeares but as a hauens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortall, bee carefull that thy life bee vertuous, that thy death may be full of admirable honours; so shalt thou challenge fame to bee thy fautor, and put obliuion to exile with thine honozable actions. But my Sonnes, least you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying, wils you to execute liuing. At this hee shrunke downe in his bed and gaue vp the ghost.

Iohn of Bourdeaux being thus dead, was greatlie lamented of his Sonnes and bewayled of his friends, especially of his fellowe Knights of Malta, who attended on his Funeralls, which were performed with great solemnity. His Obsequies done, Saladyne caused next his Epitaph the contents of the scroule to be pourtraied out, which were to this effect.

# Euphues

The contents of the scedule which Sir Iohn  
of Bourdeaux gaue to his Sonnes.

**M**Y Sonnes, behold what portion I doo giue;  
I leaue you goods, but they are quicklie lost;  
I leaue aduise, to schoole you how to liue;  
I leaue you wit, but wonne with little cost:  
But keepe it well; for counsaile still is one,  
When Father, friends, and worldlie goods are gone.

In choice of thrift let honour be thy gaine,  
Winne it by vertue and by manly might;  
In dooing good esteeme thy toyle no paine,  
Protect the fatherlesse and widowes right:  
Fight for thy faith, thy Countrie and thy King,  
For why? this thrift will prooue a blessed thing.

In choice of wife, preferre the modest chaste,  
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell;  
The sweetest looks by age are soone defast:  
Then choose thy wife by wit and liuing well.  
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,  
Presents thee honie, mixt with bitter gall.

In choice of friends, beware of light beliefe,  
A painted tongue may shroud a subtill heart;  
The Syrens teares doo threaten mickle griefe,  
Foresee my sonne, for feare of sodaine smart:  
Chuse in thy wants: and he that friends thee then,  
When richer growne, befriend him thou agen.

Learne of the Ant in sommer to prouide;  
Drive with the Bee the Droane from out thy hie;  
Builde like the Swallowe in the sommer tide;  
Spare not too much (my sonne) but sparing thrine:



## golden Legacie.

4

*Be poore in follie, rich in all but sinne:  
So by thy death thy glorie shall beginne.*

Saladine hauing thus set by the Scedule, and hangd about his Fathers hearse many passionat Poems, that France might suppose him to be passing sorrowfull, he clad himselfe and his Brothers all in black, & in such sable lutes discoursed his griefe: but as the Hiena when she mournes is then most guilefull, so Saladine vnder this shew of griefe shadowed a heart full of contented thoughts: the Tyger though hee hide his clawes, will at last discover his rapine: the Lions lookes are not the mappes of his meaning, nor a mans phisnomie is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot bee hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will haue his course: nourtur and art may doo much, but that *Natura naturans* which by propagation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the olde verse.

*Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.*

So fared it with Saladyne, for after a months mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his Fathers testament, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his Fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition, that as yet they were not come to peres, & he being their gardin, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make such hauock of their legacies and lands, as they should be a great deale the lighter: whereupon hee began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladynes meditation with  
himselfe.

**S** Aladyne, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, & perplexed with a world of restless passions, hauing thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy Fathers testament,

## Euphues

stament, and thy heart fiered with the hope of present pre-  
 ferment: by the one, thou art counsaile to content thee with  
 thy fortunes; by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher  
 wealth. Riches (Saladyne) is a great royalty, & there is no  
 sweeter phisick than soze. Auicen like a foole forgot in his A-  
 phorismes to say, that golde was the most precious restora-  
 tiue, and that treasure was the most excellent medecine of  
 the minde. Oh Saladyne, what were thy Fathers precepts  
 breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgottē his prin-  
 ciples? did he not warne thee from coueting without honoꝝ,  
 and climbing without vertue? did hee not forbid thee to  
 aime at any action that should not be honourable? and what  
 will bee moze preiudiciall to thy credit, than the carelesse  
 ruine of thy brothers welfare? why, shouldst not thou bee  
 the pillar of thy brothers prosperitie; and wilt thou become  
 the subuersion of their fortunes? is there any sweeter thing  
 than concord, or a moze precious Jewel then amity? are you  
 not sons of one Father, siens of one tree, birds of one nest?  
 and wilt thou become so unnaturall as to rob them, whome  
 thou shouldst relieue? No Saladyne, intreate them with  
 fauours, and intertaine them with loue; so shalt thou haue  
 thy conscience cleare and thy renoune excellent. Tush, what  
 words are these base foole; farre unfit (if thou be wise) for thy  
 humour. What though thy Father at his death talked of  
 many frivolous matters, as one that doated for age, and ra-  
 ued in his sicknesse: shal his words be axioms, and his talke  
 be so authentical, that thou wilt (to obserue them) preiudice  
 thy selfe? No no Saladyne, sick mens wills that are pa-  
 role, and haue neither hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a  
 Citie witten in dust; which are broken with the blast of e-  
 uerie winde. What man thy Father is dead, and hee can  
 neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: there-  
 fore burie his words with his carkasse, and bee wise for thy  
 selfe. What, tis not so olde as true:

*Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.*

Thy Brother is young, keepe him now in awe, make him



# golden Legacie.

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not check mate with thy selfe: for

*Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.*

Let him knowe little, so shall he not be able to execute much; suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a Gentleman by nature yet forme him a new, and make him a peasant by nourture: so shalt thou keepe him as a slaue, and raigū thy selfe sole Lord ouer al thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandynē thy middle brother he is a scholar, and hath no minde but on Aristotle, let him reade on Galen while thou rifest with gold, and poze on his booke til thou dost purchase lands: wit is great wealth, if hee haue learning it is enough; and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladyne making his brother Rosader his foote boy, for the space of two or thre yeares, keeping him in such seruile subiection, as if hee had been the sonne of any countrie bassall. The yong Gentleman bare al with patience, til on a day walking in the gardē by himself, he began to consider how he was the son of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned for many victozies, & a Gentlemā famozed for his vertues, how contrarie to the testament of his father, he was not only kept from his land, and intreated as a seruant, but smothered in such secret slauerie, as he might not attaine to any honourable actions. Ah quoth he to himselfe (nature working these effectuell passions) why should I that am a Gentleman borne, passe my time in such vnnaturall byudgerie? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, than to liue a foote boy to my own brother: nature hath lent me wit to conceiue, but my brother denied me arte to contemplate: I haue strength to performe any honorable exployte, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indures: those good partes that God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuie of my brother doth smother in obscuritie: the harder is my fortune, and the more his forwardnesse. With that casting vp his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and

C

swoze

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swore to himselfe he would bee no more subiect to such flauerie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne studie, and so forget his wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth hee) what is your heart on your halfe penie, or are you saying a Dirge for your fathers soule? what is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader turning his head aslance, & bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made this replie. Dost thou aske me (Saladyne) for thy Cates? aske some of thy Charles who are fit for such an office: I am thine equall by nature, though not by birth; and though thou hast more Cardes in the bunch, I haue as many trumps in my hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast felt my Woods, spoyled my Hauuer houses, and made hauck of such vtensals as my father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thee Saladyne, either answere me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemye.

At this replie of Rosaders, Saladyne smiled as laughing at his presumption, & frowned as checking his follie: hee therefore took him by thus shortlie. What Sirha, well I see earlie prickes the tree that will proue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made you coy, or my good looks drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I will bende the tree while it is a wand: In faith (sir boy) I haue a snaffle for such a headströgg colt. You sirs lay holde on him and binde him, and then I will giue him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, he laide such loades vpon his brothers men that he hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and took him to a loast adioyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie. Saladyne afraide of his brothers furie, cried



## golden Legacie.

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cried out to him thus. Rosader bee not so rash. I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thee wrong I'll make thee amends : reuenge not anger in bloud, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of olde Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux : say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periods of wrath: what man looke not so sowerlie, I knowe we shall be friends, and better friends than we haue been. For, *Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.*

These wordes appeased the chollier of Rosader, (for hee was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laide downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman assured his brother he would offer him no p̄iudice : wherevpon Saladyne came downe, and after a little parley they embraced each other and became friends, and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of al his lands, and what fauour els (quoth he) any waies my abilitie or the nature of a brother may performe. Upon these sugred recōciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, till it chaunced that Torismond King of France had appoynted for his pleasure a day of Wrestling and of Tournament to busie his Commons heads, least being idle their thoughts should runne vpon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King; a Champion there was to stand against all comers a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely ouerthrowing them which he incountr'd, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take oportunitie by the forehead: first by secret means conuented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes he should neuer more returne to quarrell with Saladyne for his possessions.

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sessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum.*) taking great gifts for little Gods, took the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the Champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. Hee went to young Rosader, (who in all his thoughtes reacht at honour, and gazed no lower than vertue commaunded him) and began to tell him of this Tournament and Wrestling, how the King should be there, and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautifull damosels of the Countrey: now brother (quoth he) for the honoꝝ of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux our renowned father, to famous that house that neuer hath been found without men appꝛoued in Cheualtrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For my selfe thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet neuer hauing attempted any deedes of Armes, I am yongest to performe any Partiall exploit, knowing better how to surrey my lands, than to charge my Launce: my brother Fernandyne he is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, hauing moze insight into Sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, than any warlike indeuours: but thou Rosader the yongest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength and darest doe what honour allowes thee; take thou my fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horse, and hie thee to the Tournament, and either there valiantlie crack a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of actiuitie. The wordes of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse; for hee had scarce vttered them, ere Rosader took him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that he promised in what he might to requite his courtesie. The next morowe was the day of the Tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his herocall thoughtes, that he past the night with little sleepe: but assoone as Phoebus had bailed the Curteine of the night, and made Aurora blush with giuing her the bezoles labres in her silver Couch, he gat him vp; and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himselfe



himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking euery mile ten leagues till he came there. But leauing him so desirous of the iourney: to Torismond the King of France, who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King that liued as an outlaw in the Forrest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keepe the French busied with all sportes that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this soleinne Tournament, whereunto he in most soleinne manner resorted, accompanied with the twelue Peeres of France, who rather for feare than loue graced him with the shewe of their dutifull fauours: to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistering obiects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, & the faire Rosalynd daughter vnto Gerismond, with all the beautifull damosels that were famous for their features in all France. Thus in that place did Loue and Warre triumph in a simparchie: for such as were Martiall, might vse their Launce to bee renowned for the excellence of their Cheualrie; and such as were amorous, might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heauenly creatures. As euery mans eye had his seuerall suruey, and fancie was partiall in their looks, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynd: for vppon her cheekes there seemed a battaile betwene the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that glozied Luna when she kist the shepheard on the hills of Latmos was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the Vermilion flourish on the silver hue of Rosalynds countenance; her eyes were like those lampes that make the wealthie couert of the Heauens more gorgeous, sparkling fauour and disdaine; courteous and yet cope, as if in them Venus had placed all her amozets, and Diana all her chastitie. The tramells of her hayre, folded in a call of golde, so farre surpass the burnisht glister of the mettall, as the Sunne dooth the meanest Starre

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in brightnesse: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight; for in her haire it seemed loue had laide her selfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence: what should I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalynd sat I say with Alinda as a beholder of these sportes, and made the Cavaliers crack their lances with more courage: many deeds of Knighthoode that day were perfourmed, and many prizes were giuen according to their seuerall deserts: at last when the tournament ceased, the wassling began; and the Norman presented himselfe as a chaleuger against all commers; but he looked like Hercules when he aduaunst himselfe against Achelous; so that the furie of his countenance amased all that durst attempt to incounter with him in any deede of activitie: till at last a lustie Francklin of the Countrie came with two tall men that were his Sonnes of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these doing his obeysance to the King entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, lept presently into the place, and thirstie after the reuenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the young Francklin, that taking him vp in his armes he threw him against the ground so violently, that hee broke his neck, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this vnluck for massacre, the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie; but the Francklin, farther vnto these, neuer changed his countenance; but as a man of a couragious resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his Sonnes



Sonnes without any shew of outward discontent. All this while stood Rosader and sawe this tragedie: who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted of from his horse, and presently sat downe on the grasse, and commaunded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him readie to trie the strength of this Champion; being furnished as he would, hee clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and saide thus. Bolde peoman whose sonnes haue ended the tearme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and twarest the iniurie of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy Sonnes: stand a while and either see mee make a ~~tyed~~ in their tragedie, or else reuenge their fall with an honourable triumph; the Francklin seeing so goodlie a Gentleman to giue him such courteous comfort, gaue him hartie thanks, with promise to pray for his happie successe. With that Rosader bailed bonnet to the King, and lighelie lept within the lists, where noting more the companie than the combatant, hee cast his eye vpon the troupe of Ladies that glistered there like the starres of heauen, but at last Loue willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inuegled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, he stood and fed his lookes on the fauour of Rosalynds face, which she perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashfull red of Aurora at the sight of vnacquainted Phaeton was not halfe so glorious: The Norman seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the lookes of the Ladies, draue him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder; Rosader looking back with an angrie frowne, as if he had been wakened from some pleasant dreame, discovered to all by the furie of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetenesse of his visage, with a generall applause of fauours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but  
 seeing

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seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victory. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, hee roughlie clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which coniecture made him stretch euerie limb, & trie euerie sinew, that working his death he might recouer the golde, which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrarie part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye vppon Rosalynd, who to incourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ran vpon him and braued him with a strong encounter; the Norman receiued him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigall. At last Rosader calling to minde the beautie of his new Mistresse, the fame of his Fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, roused himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling vpon his Chest with so willing a waight, that the Norman peeled nature her due, and Rosader the victory. The death of this Champion; as it highlie contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it vze the King and all the Peeres into a great admiration, that so young yeares and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellence: but when they knew him to be the yongest Sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, the King rose from his seate and imbraced him, and the Peeres intreated him with al fauourable courtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughtie deedes, that he might attaine to the glozie of his Fathers honourable fortunes. As the King and Lordes  
graced



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graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauored him with their looks, especially Rosalynd, whome the beautie and valour of Rosader had already touched; but she accounted loue a toy, and fancie a momentarie passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might bee shaken off with a winck; and therefore feared not to dally in the flame, and to make Rosader knowe she affected him; tooke from hir neck a Jewell, and sent it by a Page to the young Gentleman. The Prize that Venus gaue to Paris was not halfe so pleasing to the Troian, as this Iemme was to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make him sole Monark of the world, he would rather haue refused such dignitie, than haue lost the iewell sent him by Rosalynd. To retourne her with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that hee might more than in his looks discover his affection, he stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ this fancie.

*Two Sunnes at once from one faire heauen there shinde,  
Ten branches from two boughes tipt all with roses,  
Pure lockes more golden than is golde refine,  
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride incloses:*

*Two mounts faire marble white, downe-soft and daintie,  
A snow died orbe; where loue increast by pleasure  
Full wofull makes my heart, and bodie faintie:  
Hir faire (my woe) exceeds all thought and measure.*

*In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeereth;  
Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleereth.*

This sonnet he sent to Rosalynd, which when she read, she blusht, but with a sweete content in that she perceaued loue had allotted her so amorous a seruant. Leauing her to her new intertapped fancies, againe to Rosader; who triumphing in the glozy of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of young Gentlemen, that were desirous to be his

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fame.

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familiars, went home to his brother Saladynes, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should haue, assuring him self of his death, and deuising how w<sup>th</sup> dissimuled sorrow, to celebrate his funerals; as he was in this thought, hee cast vp his eye, & sawe where Rosader returned with the garlande on his heade, as ha- uing won the prize, accompanied with a crew of beene com- panions; greeued at this, hee stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkinde in- tertaynement, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his griefe with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and de- sired them to holde his brother excused, for hee did not this vpon any malicious intent or niggardize, but being brought vp in the countrie, he absented him selfe, as not finding his nature fit for such youthfull companie. Thus hee sought to shadow abuses proffered him by his brother, but in vayne, for he could by no meanes be suffered to enter: whereupon hee ran his foote against the doore, and brake it open; drawing his sword and entring boldly into the Hall, where hee founde none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer an English man, who had been an olde and trustie seruant to Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: he for the loue he bare to his de- ceased Maister, fauored the part of Rosader, and gaue him and his such intertaynement as he coulde. Rosader gaue him thanks, and looking about, seeing the hall empty, saide, Gentlemen, you are welcome, frolicke and be merie, you shall be sure to haue Wine enough, whatsoeuer your fare be, I tell you Cavaliers my brother hath in his house, five tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I bespewe him that spares his liquor. With that he burst open the but- terie doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer, couered the Tables, and set downe whatsoeuer he could finde in the house, but what they wanted in meate, Rosader supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheere, and withall such a hartie welcome, as would haue made the courtest meates, seeme delicacies. After they had feasted and frolickt it twise



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by thise with an vpsley freeze, they all tooke their leaues of Rosader and departed. As soone as they were gone Rosader growng impatient of the abuse, drew his sworde, and swore to be reuenged on the discourteous Saladyne: yet by the meanes of Adama Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amitie betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladyne, they were once agayne reconciled, & put by all fore passed iniuries, with a peaceable agreement, liuing together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not onely reioyce the seruants, but made all the Gentlemen and bordring neighbours glad of such friendlie concord. Saladyne hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a popsoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunitie, he shewed him selfe a great fauor of his brothers vertuous endeouours: where leauing them in this happie league, let vs returne to Rosalynd.

Rosalynd returning home from the triumph, after she waxed solitarie, loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discouert, strooke her so deepe, as she felt her selfe grow passing passionate: she began to call to minde the comelineffe of his person, the honoz of his parents, and the vertues that excelling both, made him so gracious in the eyes of euerie one. Sucking in thus the hony of loue, by imprinting in her thoughtes his rare qualities, she began to surfit with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, & the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, & fancy to vale bonnet, that betwene a Chaos of confused thoughtes, she began to debate with her selfe in this manner,

### Rosalynds passion.

**I**nfortunate Rosalynd, whose misfortunes are more than thy prerog, and whose passions are greater than thy patience.

## Euphues

ence. The blossomes of thy yowth, are mixt with the frostes of enuie, and the hope of thy ensuing frutes, perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banisht from the crowne, & thou the unhappie daughter of a King detained captiue, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalynd what cares wait vpon a crown, what griefes are incident to dignitie? what sorowes haunt royal Pallaces? The greatest seas haue the sorest stormes, the highest birch subiect to the most bale, and of all trees the Cedars soonest shake with the winde: small Currents are euer calme, lowe valleyes not scorcht in any lightnings, nor base men tyed to anye balefull p̄iudice. Fortune flies, & if she touch pouertie, it is with her heele, rather disapnyng their want with a frowne, than enuyng their wealth with disparagement. Oh Rosalynd, hadst thou been bozne lowe, thou hadst not fallen so high; and yet being great of bloud, thine honour is moze, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet Fates vnwilling to haue me any way happie, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalynd: becommeth it women in distresse to thinke of loue? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blinde and shooteth at randon, as soone hitting a rag, as a robe, and percing as soone the bosome of a Captiue, as the breast of a Libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalynd by experience, for being euerie way distressed, surcharged with cares, and ouergrowne with sorowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, loue hath lodged in thy hart the perfection of young Rosader, a man euery way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lynniments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider Rosalind his fortunes, and thy present estate, thou art poore and without patrimonie, and yet the daughter of a Prince, he a younger brother, and boide of such possessions as eyther might maintayne thy dignities, or reuenge thy fathers iniuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies

disg



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II

dies, that louers cannot liue by lookes; that womens eares are sooner content with a dram of giue me, than a pound of heare me; that Gould is sweeter than eloquence; that loue is a fire, & wealth is the fewell; that Venus Coffers should be euer full. Then Rosalynd, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of course, for that hee is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be vsed in loue,

*Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*

Tush Rosalynd, be not ouer rash; leape not before thou looke; epyther loue such a one as may with his landes purchase thy liberty, or els loue not at all. Choose not a fayre face with an emptie purse, but say as most women vse to say,

*Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.*

Why Rosalynd, can such base thoughtes harbour in such high beauties? Can the degree of a Princes, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such seruile conceites, as to prize gold more than honoz, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest, either Rosader or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertayned passions, taking vp her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

### Rosalynds Madrigal.

Loue in my bosome like a Bee  
doth sucke his sweete:  
Now with his wings he playes with me,  
now with his feete.  
Within mine eies he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast,  
My kisses are his daily feast;  
And yet he robs me of my rest.  
Ah wanton, will ye?

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And if I sleepe, then pearcherh he  
With pretie flight,

And makes his pillow of my knee  
the liuelong night.

Strike I my lute he tunes the string,

He musickeplayes if so I sing,

He lends me enerie louelie thing;

Yet cruell he my heart doth sting.

Whist wanton still ye?

Els I with roses enerie day

will whip you hence;

And binde you when you long to play,

for your offence.

He shut mine eyes to keepe you in,

He make you fast it for your sinne,

He count your power not worth a pinne;

Ahlas what hereby shall I winne,

If he gainsay me?

What if I beate the wanton boy

with manie a rod?

He will repay me with annoy,

because a God.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,

And let thy bowre my bosome be:

Lurke in mine eyes I like of thee:

Oh Cupid so thou pitie me.

Spare not but play thee.

Scarcely had Rosalynde ended her Madrigale, before  
Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and manie  
of the Peeres of France, who were enamoured of her beau-  
tie: which Torismond perceiuing, fearing least her perfe-  
ction might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope  
of his fruite ende in the beginning of her blossomes, hee  
thought



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thought to banish her from the Court : for quoth he to himselfe, her face is so full of fauour, that it pleades pitie in the eye of euerie man ; her beautie is so heauenly and deuine, that she will proue to me as Helen did to Priam : some one of the Peeres will ayne at her loue, ende the marriage, and then in his wifes right attempt the kingdome. To preuent therefore had I wist in all these actions, she carries not about the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father, or els seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a stearne countenance full of wrath, hee breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the Court : for (quoth he) I haue heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange vnto Rosalynde, and presently couered with the shield of her innocence, shee boldly brake out in reuerend tearmes to haue cleared her selfe : but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his Lordes plead for Rosalynde, although her beautie had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath portraied in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynde amazed, Alinda who loued her more than her selfe, with griefe in her heart, & teares in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreate her father thus :

Alinda's oration to her father in defence  
of faire Rosalynde.

**I**F (mightie Torismond) I offende in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie craue pardon for my boldnes; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuiledge. Rosalynde and I haue bene fostered by from our infancies, and nursed vnder the harbour of our conuersing together with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an vnion of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secrete loue, that we haue two bodies, and one soule. Then meruaile not (great Torismond)

## Euphues

mond) if seeing my friends distress, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorowes: for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such, as may challenge loue, and race out suspicion: her obedience to your Maestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered all griefes with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honoured you with all dutie, as her owne Father by nouriture: not in word uttering anie discontent, nor in thought (as farre as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge; onely in all her actions seeking to please you, & to winne my fauour. Her wisdom, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher: onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, Fortune who triumphs in varietie of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to taint Rosalynde with anie surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesses; which proued, let her die, and Alinda will execute the massacre. If none can auouch anie confirmed relation of her intent, vse Justice my Lord, it is the glorie of a King, and let her liue in your wanted fauour: for if you banish her, my selfe as copartner of her hard fortunes, wil participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speach of Alinda) couered his face with such a frowne, as Tyrannie seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, and checkt her vp with such taunts, as made the Lords (that onlie were hearers) to tremble. Proud girl (quoth he) hath my looks made thee so light of tung, or my fauours encouraged thee to be so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? Hath not my yeares moze experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into ciuill policie, than the prime of thy flourishing daies? The olde Lion auoides the toyles where the yong one leapes into the net: the care of age is prouident and foresees much: suspicion is a vertue, where  
a man



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a man holds his enemy in his bosome. Thou fond girl measurest all by present affection, & as thy heart loves thy thoughts censure: but if thou knewest that in liking Rosalind thou hatchest by a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldest intreate as much for her absence, as now thou delightest in her presence. But why do I alleadge policie to thee? sit you downe huswife and fall to your needle: if idlenesse make you so wanton, or libertie so malipert, I can quicklie tie you to a sharper taske: and you (maide) this night be packing either into Arden to your father, or whether best it shall content your humour, but in the Court you shall not abide. This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for still she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalind, wishing her father (if his censure might not be reuerst) that he would appoint her partner of her exile; which if he refused to doe, either she would (by some secret meanes) steale out and followe her, or els end her daies with some desperate kinde of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he set downe a definitiue and peremptorie sentence that they should both be banished: which presently was done. The Tyrant rather choosing to hazard the losse of his only child, than any waies to put in question the state of his kingdome: so suspicious and feareful is the conscience of an vsurper. Well, although his Lords perswaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not bee reuerst, but both of them must away from the court without either more companie or delay. In he went with great melancholie, and left these two Ladies alone. Rosalind waxed very sad, and sat downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friende began thus to comfort her.

E

Alindas

# Euphues

Alindas comfort to perplexed  
Rosalynd.

**W**hy how now Rosalynd, dismaide with a frowne  
of contrarie fortune? Haue I not oft heard thee  
say that high minds were discovered in fortunes  
contempt, and heroycall seene in the depth of extremities?  
Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of distresse,  
that the sweetest salve for miserie was patience; and the on-  
lie medicine for want, that precious implaister of content:  
being such a good phisition to others, wilt thou not mini-  
ster receipts to thy selfe? But perchance thou wilt say:

*Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.*

Why then, if the patients that are sicke of this disease can  
finde in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor arte to  
cure; yet (Rosalynd) admit of the counsaile of a friend, and  
applie the salues that may appease thy passions. If thou  
griuest that beeing the daughter of a Prince, and enuie  
thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, thinke that royaltie  
is a faire marke; that Crownes haue crosses when mirth  
is in Cottages; that the fairer the Rose is, the sooner it is  
bitten with Catterpillers; the more orient the Pearle is,  
the more apt to take a blemish; and the greatest birth, as it  
hath most honour, so it hath much enuie. If then Fortune  
aimeth at the fairest, be patient Rosalynd; for first by thine  
exile thou goest to thy father; nature is higher prized than  
wealth, & the loue of ones parents ought to bee more preci-  
ous than all dignities: why then doth my Rosalynd griue  
at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a preiu-  
dice, proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (mad lasse)  
to be melancholie, when thou hast with thee Alinda a friend,  
who will be a faithfull cpartner of al thy misfortunes, who  
hath left her father to followe thee, and chooseth rather to  
broke all extremities than to forsake thy presence. What  
Rosalynd:

*Solanen*



# golden Legacie.

14

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Chérelie woman, as wee haue been bedfellowes in royaltie, we will be fellowe mates in pouertie: I will euer bee thy Alinda, and thou shalt euer rest to me Rosalynd: so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if euer Fortune smile and wee returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the swéete of our friendship, wee shall merelie say (calling to minde our forepassed miseries);

*Olim hac meminisse iuuabit.*

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her; and after shee had wept a fewe kind teares in the bosome of her Alinda, she gaue her heartie thanks, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should trauell. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might haue no man in their companie: saying, it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Thus (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodaine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparell of a page, thou shalt bee my Mistress, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so euer I come I will not bee discouered; I will buy mee a suite, and haue my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your page wil shew him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presentlie gathered vp all their Jewels, which they trusted vp in a Casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes, and Alinda (from her royall weedes) put her selfe in more homelie attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away goe these two friends, hauing now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede: they traualled along the Vineyards, and by many by-waies; at last got to the Forrest side, where they traualled by the space of two or thre daies without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wild beasts, and pay-

## Euphues

ned with many passionate sorowes. Now the black Ore began to tread on their feete, and Alinda thought of her mounted royaltie: but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalind, she thought euerie danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountaine, compassed with a groue of Cipresse trees, so cunninglie and curiously planted, as if some Goddesse had increated Nature in that place to make her an Arbour. By this Fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victualls as they had, and fed as merilie as if they had been in Paris with all the Kings delicates: Aliena onely grieuing that they could not so much as meete with a Shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their aboade. At last Ganimede casting by his eye espied where on a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which as soone as he espied, he cried out; bee of good cheere Distris, I spie the figures of men; for here in these trees be ingrauen certaine verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that Aliena start up ioyfull to heare these newes; and looked, where they found carued in the barke of a Pine tree this passion.

### Montanus passion.

**H**Adst thou been borne whereas perpetuall cold  
 Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines siluer old:  
 Had I complain'd unto a marble stone;  
 Or to the floods bewraide my bitter mone,  
     I then could beare the burden of my griefe.  
 But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,  
 Whil'st heauens did smile did new aray the earth  
     with flowers chiefe.  
 Yet thou the flower of beantie blessed borne,  
 Hast pretie lookes, but all attir'd in scorne.

*Had*



# golden Legacie.

15

*Hadſt the power to weepe ſweet Mirrhas teares;  
Or by my plaints to pearce repining eares;  
Hadſt thou the heart to ſmile at my complaint;  
To ſcorne the woes that doth my heart attaint,  
I then could beare the burden of my griefe.  
But not my teares, but truth with thee preuailes,  
And ſeeming ſowre my ſorowes thee affailes:  
yet ſmall reliefe.*

*For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard;  
And if thou pleaſe my ſuite ſhall ſoone be heard.*

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poeſie is the paſſion of ſome perplexed ſhepherd, that being enamoured of ſome faire and beautifull Shepheardeſſe, ſuffered ſome ſharpe repulſe, and therefore complained of the crueltie of his Miſtris. You may ſee (quoth Ganimede) what mad cattell you women be, whoſe hearts ſometimes are made of Adamant that will touch with no impreſſion; and ſometime of waxe that is fit for euery forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glozie to ſeeme coy; and when they are moſt deſired then they freeſe with diſdaine: and this fault is ſo common to the ſex, that you ſee it painted out in the ſhepherds paſſions, who found his Miſtris as froward as he was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are ſo ſatyrizall againſt women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne neſt? Beware (Ganimede) that Roſader heare you not; if he doe, perchance you will make him leape ſo far from loue, that he wil anger euery vaine in your hart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I ſpeake now as I am Alienas page, not as I am Gerifmonds daughter: for put me but into a petticoate, and I will ſtand in defiance to the vttermoſt that women are courteous, conſtant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more words; for ponder be Characters grauen vpon the barke of the tall Beech tree: let vs ſee (quoth Ganimede): and with

# Euphues

that they read a fancie written to this effect.

*First shall the beauens want starrie light;  
The seas be robbed of their waues;  
The day want sunne, and sunne want bright;  
The night want shade, the dead men graues;  
The Aprill, flowers and leafe and tree,  
Before I false my faith to thee.*

*First shall the tops of highest hills  
By humble plaines be ouerpride;  
And Poets scorne the Muses quills,  
And fish forsake the water glide;  
And Iris loose her coloured weed,  
Before I faile thee at thy need.*

*First direfull hate shall turne to peace,  
And loue relent in deepe disdaine;  
And death his fatall stroake shall cease,  
And enuie pitie euery paine;  
And pleasure mourne, and sorowe smile,  
Before I talke of any guile.*

*First time shall stay his staylesse race,  
And winter blesse his browes with corne;  
And snow bemoysten Iulies face;  
And winter spring, and sommer mourne,  
Before my pen by helpe of fame,  
Cease to recite thy sacred name.*

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grewe  
from one full of passions. I am of that mind too (quoth A-  
liena) but see I pray, when pooze women seeke to keepe  
themselues chaste, how men woo them with many fained  
promises, alluring with sweet words as the Syrens, and af-  
ter



ter proving as trothlesse as Aeneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grewe moze false? The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens sonnes, and tooke that fault of their mother; for if man had growen from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had neuer been troubled with inconstancie. Leane off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pul off your pages apparell and whip you (as Venus doth her wantons) with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade me to flatterie, and that needs not: but come (seeing we haue found heere by this fount the trackt of Shepheards by their Madrigals and Roundelaies) let vs forward; for either we shall finde some foldes, sheeproates, or els some cottages wherein for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose vp, and marched forward till towards the euen: and then comming into a faire valley (compassed with mountaines, whereon grewe many pleasant shrubbs) they might descrie where two flocks of sheepe did feede. Then looking about, they might perceiue where an old shepheard sat (and with him a yong swaine) vnder a couert most pleasantlie scituated. The ground where they sat was diaped with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glozie of her vestments: round about in the forme of an Amphitheater were most curiously planted Pine trees, interseamed with Limons and Citrons, which with the thicknesse of their boughes so shadowed the place, that Phoebus could not pierce into the secret of that Arbour; so vnited were the tops with so thicke a closure, that Venus might there in her iollitie haue dallied vnseene with her dearest paramour. Fast by (to make the place moze gorgeous) was there a fount so Chrystalline and cleere, that it seemed Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secreete of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbour sat these two shepheards (seeing their sheepe feede) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musick and melodie falling into much amorous chat: drawing  
moze

## Euphues

more nigh wee might descric the countenance of the one to be full of sorowe, his face to be the verie pourtraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that liuing he seemed to dye: wee (to heare what these were) stole priuilie behind the thicke, where we ouerheard this discourse.

### A pleasant Eglog betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon.

**S** Ay shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore?  
Why leaues thy pipe his pleasure and delight?  
Yong are thy yeares, thy cheekes with roses dight:  
Then sing for ioy (sweet swaine) and sigh no more.

*This milke white Poppie and this climbing Pine  
Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing,  
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring.  
Till Phoebus daine all Westward to decline.*

Montanus.

*Ah (Coridon) vnmeet is melodie  
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:  
Slaine are my ioyes by Phœbes bitter scorne,  
Farre hence my weale and nere my ieopardie.*

*Loues burning brand is couched in my brest,  
Making a Phoenix of my faintfull hart:  
And though his furie doo inforce my smart,  
Ay blyth am I to honour his behest.*

*Preparde to woes since so my Phœbe wills,  
My lookes dismaid since Phœbe will disdain:  
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine;  
So stream my teares as showers from Alpine hills.*



## golden Legacie.

17

*In errors maske I blindfolde iudgements eye,  
I fetter reason in the snares of lust,  
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust;  
I live by that, which makes me living die.*

*Deuoyd of rest, companion of distresse,  
Plague to my selfe, consumed by my thought;  
How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought?  
Since I am rest of solace and delight.*

Coridon.

*Ah Lorrell lad, what makes thee Herry lone?  
A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure,  
A painted shrine ful-fild with rotten treasure,  
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that prone.*

*Againe, in seeming shadowed still with want,  
A broken staffe which follie doth upholde,  
A flower that fades with euerie frostie colde,  
An orient rose sprong from a wythred plant.*

*A minutes ioy to gaine a world of greefe,  
A subtile net to snare the idle minde,  
A seeing Scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,  
A poore reioyce, a plague without releefe.*

*For thy Montanus follow mine arreed,  
(Whom age hath taught the traynes that fancie vseth)  
Leaue foolish lone; for beantie wit abuseth,  
And drownes (by follie) vertues springing seede.*

Montanus.

*So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes;  
And bird the snare, because it doth intrap;*

F

And

## Euphues

*And fooles true loue, because of sorrie hap;  
And saylers curssse the ship that ouerturnes:*

*But would the childe forbear to play with flame,  
And birdes beware to trust the fowlers ginne,  
And fio'es foresee before they fall and sinne,  
And maisters guide their ships in better frame;*

*The childe would praise the fire, because it warmes;  
And birds reioyce, to see the fowler faile;  
And fooles preuent, before their plagues preuaile;  
And saylers blesse the barke that saues from harmes.*

*Ah Coridon, though manie be thy yeares,  
And crooked elde hath some experience left;  
Yet is thy minde of iudgement quite bereft  
In view of loue, whose power in me appeares.*

*The ploughman little wots to turne the pen,  
Or bookemans skills to guide the ploughmans cart,  
Nor can the cobler count the tearmes of Art,  
Nor base men iudge the thoughts of mightiemen;*

*Nor wythered age (vnmeete for beauties guide,  
Vncapable of loues impression)  
Discourse of that, whose choyce possession  
May neuer to so base a man be tied.*

*But I (whom nature makes of tender molde,  
And youth most pliant yeeldes to fancies fire)  
Doo builde my hauen and heauen on sweete desire,  
On sweete desire more decre to me than golde.*

*Thinke I of loue, o how my lines aspire?  
How hast the Muses to imbrace my browes,  
And hem my temples in with lawrell bowes,*

*And*



## golden Legacie.

18

*And fill my braines with chaste and holy fire?*

*Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,  
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne;  
Amaz'd I read the stile when I haue done,  
And Herry Loue that sent that heauenly rage.*

*Of Phoebe then, of Phoebe then I sing,  
Drawing the puritie of all the spheres,  
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,  
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.*

*In fluent numbers and in pleasant vaines,  
I rob both sea and earth of all their state,  
To praise her parts: I charme both time and fate,  
To blesse the Nymph that yeeldes me loue sicke paines.*

*My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will  
Guides in the restlesse Laborynth of loue,  
Feare lends them pasture where soere they mone,  
And by their death their life renneth still,*

*My sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten reede  
My paper, where my manie woes are written;  
Thus silly swaine (with loue and fancie bitten)  
I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weede.*

*Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,  
My dreames, my doubts, for Phoebe sweete to me:  
Who wayteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,  
And glorie shines where danger most appeares.*

*Then Coridon although I blythe me not,  
Blame me not man, since sorrow is my sweete;  
So willeth Loue, and Phoebe thinkes it meete,  
And kinde Montanus liketh welk his lot.*

# Euphues

Coridon.

Oh staylesse youth, by error so misguided;  
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits,  
Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,  
And follie poysoneth all that time provided.

With wilfull blindnesse bleard, prepaide to shame,  
Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles:  
Alas that Loue (by fond and froward guiles)  
Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blams.

Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme  
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes:  
Leaue off in time to like these vanities;  
Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.

As manie bees as Hibla daily shields,  
As manie frie as fleete on Oceans face,  
As manie heards as on the earth doo trace,  
As manie flowres as decke the fragrant fields,

As manie starres as glorious heauen containes,  
As manie stormes as wayward winter weepes,  
As manie plagues as hell inclosed keepes;  
So manie greefes in loue, so manie paines.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, praiers,  
Mislikes, misdeedes, fond ioyes, and fained peace,  
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,  
Vowes, hopes, acceptance, scornes, and deepe despaires,

Truce, warre, and woe doo waite at beauties gate;  
Time lost, lament, reports, and prinie grudge,  
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,

Who



## golden Legacie.

19

Who yeeldes for seruice shame, for friendship bate,

Montanus.

*All Adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine)  
So charme no more; for I will neuer change.  
Call home thy flockes in time that stragling range:  
For loe, the Sunne declineth hence amaine.*

Terentius.

*In amore hac omnia insunt vitia, inducia, inimicitia, bellum, pax rursum: incerta hac si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihil plus agas, quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.*

The shepheards hauing thus ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganymede from behinde the thicket: at whose sodaine sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus; Shepheards all haile, (for such wee deeme you by your flockes) and Louers, good lucke; (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by Loue, yet by Fortune, I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowful as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a Forrest unknowen, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauaile would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs anie place of quiet harbour, (be it neuer so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall bee mine hoste. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman speak so courteously returned her mildly and reuerentlie this answer.

Faire Mistres, we returne you as heartie a welcome, as you gaue vs a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, & this a louer, as watchful to please his wench, as to feed his sheep:

## Euphues

4 full of fancies, and therefore (say I) full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for Loue admits neither of counsaile, nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you be distressed, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost w<sup>th</sup> calamitie: pray for you I may, but releue you I cannot: marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selues in a shepheards cotage, my house (for this night) shalbe your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently late her downe and Ganimedé by her. Coridon looking earnestly vpon her, and with a curious suruey viewing all her perfections, applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse, was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renue your griefes by rubbing the scarre, I would faine craue so much fauour, as to know the cause of your misfortune: and why, and whether you wander with your page in so dangerous a Forrest. Aliena (that was as courteous as she was faire) made this reply; Shepheard, a friendlie demand ought neuer to be offensive, and questions of courtesie carrie priuiledged pardons in their forheads. Know therefore, to discouer my fortunes were to renue my sorowes, and I should by discoursing my mishaps, but rake her out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice (gentle shepheard) my distresse is as great as my trauell is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest, to light on some cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a countrey life: for I haue heard the swaynes say, that they drunke without suspicion, & slept without care. Harry Distres (quoth Coridon) if you meane so you came in a good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, & cheap you may haue them for ready money: and for a shepheards life (oh Distresse) did you but liue a while in their content,  
you



you would saye the Court were rather a place of sorowe, than of solace. Here (Distresse) shall not Fortune thwart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds no beggerie, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeare may mend al with a fresh increase. Enuie stirres not vs, wee couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doo our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceede not in diet, so we haue inough to satisfie: and Distres I haue so much Latin, *Satis est quod sufficit*.

By my troth shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest me in loue with your countrey life, and therefore sende for thy Landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flockes, & thou shalt still (vnder me) be ouerseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my Page wil serue you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknown, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that (putting off his shepheards bonnet) he did her all the reuerence that he might. But all this while late Montanus in a muse thinking of the crueltie of his Phoebe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to winne. Ganimede who still had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at loue that in all his actions was so imperious. At last when shee had noted his teares that stole downe his cheekes, and his sighes that brooke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demaunded of Coridon why the young shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepheards loue? I (quoth Montanus) and ouerloue, els shouldst not thou see mee so pensue. Loue (I tell thee) is as precious in a shepheards eye as in the lookes of a King, and we countrey swaynes intertain fancie with as great delight, as the proudest courtier doth affection. Opportunitie (that is the sweetest freind  
to

## Euphues

to Venus) harboureth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefest fealtie that Cupid requires) is found more among shepheards than higher degrees. Then aske not if such silly swaynes can loue? What is the cause then, quoth Ganimede, that Loue being so sweete to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because, quoth Montanus, the partie beloued is froward: and hauing courtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdain in her tongues ende. What hath she then quoth Aliena, in her heart? Desire (I hope Madame) quoth he: or els my hope lost, despaire in Loue were death. As thus they chatted, the Sunne being readie to set, and they not hauing folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she would sit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You shall goe quoth Aliena, but first I will intreate Montanus to sing some amorous Sonnet, that hee made when he hath been deeply passionate. That I will quoth Montanus: and with that he began thus.

### Montanus Sonnet.

Phoebe fate  
Sweete she fate,  
Sweete fate Phoebe when I saw her,  
White her brow,  
Coy her eye:  
Brow and eye how much you please me?  
Words & spent,  
Sighes & sent,  
Sighes and words could neuer draw her.  
Oh my loue  
Thou art lost,  
Since no sight could ener ease thee.

Phoebe



Phoebe sat

By a fount;

*Sitting by a fount & spide her:*

Sweet her touch,

Rare her voyce;

*Touch and voyce what may distaine you?*

As she sung,

I did sigh,

*And by sighs whilst that I tride her.*

Oh mine eyes

You did loose

*Her first sight whose want did paine you.*

Phoebes flocke

White as wooll,

*Yet were Phoebes locks more whiter.*

Phoebes eyes

Donelike mild,

*Donelike eyes both mild and cruell.*

Montanus swears

In your lampes

*He will die for to delight her.*

Phoebe yeeld,

Or I die;

*Shall true hearts be fancies fuell?*

Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a lowe courtesie rose vp and went with his fellow and shut their sheepe in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimede, conducted them home wearie to his poore Cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loues; he resolving Aliena that Phoebe was the fairest Shepherdice in all France, and that in his eye her beautie was equall with the Nymphs. But (quoth he) as of all stones the Diamond is most clearest, and yet most hard for the Lapidary to cut; as of all flowers the

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the Rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles : so of all our Countrey Lasses Phoebe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoope vnto desire. But let her take heede quoth he, I haue heard of Narcissus, who for his high disdain against Loue, perished in the follie of his owne loue. With this they were at Coridons cotage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Alinda and Ganimede glad of so contented a shelter, made merrie with the poore swayne : and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so great, and their cares so litle, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauaile : but as soone as they got vp, Aliena resolved there to set vp her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a barga ne with his Landlord, and so became Mistres of the farme & the flocke: her selfe putting on the attire of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: euerie day leading forth her flocks with such delight, that she held her exile happie, and thought no content to the blisse of a Countrey cottage. Leaning her thus famous amongst the shepheards of Arden, againe to Saladyne.

When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secret resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oyle in the flame ; ( for enrie is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge ). It chaunced on a morning verie early he calde by certaine of his sernaunts, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprised his brother being a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a post. Rosader amazed at this strange chaunce, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sodaine extremitie, wherein he had wrongd : and what fault he had committed worthe so sharpe a penance. Saladyne answered him onely with a looke of disdain, & went  
his



his way, leauing poore Rosader in a deepe perplexitie. Who (thus abused) fell into sundrie passions, but no meanes of releefe could be had: whereupon (for anger) he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or thre dayes without meate: insomuch, that seeing his brother would giue him no foode, he fell into despaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer the olde seruant of Sir John of Bourdeaux seeing, touched with the duetie and loue he ought to his olde Master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap: and therefore, although Saladyne had giuen a generall charge to his seruants, that none of them vpon paine of death shoulde giue either meate or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night arose secretely, and brought him such victualls as hee could prouide, and vnlackt him and set him at libertie. After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at reuenge, and now (all being a sleepe) hee woulde haue quit Saladyne with the methode of his owne mischief. But Adam Spencer perswaded him to the contrarie, with these reasons; Sir quoth he, be content, for this night go againe into your olde fetters, so shall you trie the faith of friends, and saue the life of an olde seruant. To morrowe hath your brother inuited al your kindred and allies to a solemne breakfast, onely to see you, telling them all, that you are mad, & faine to be tied to a poast. As soone as they come, make complaint to them of the abuse profered you by Saladyne. If they redresse you, why so: but if they passe ouer your plaints *sicco pede*, and holde with the violence of your brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leaue you vnlackt that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the ende of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good pollares, one for you, and another for me. When I giue you a wink, shake off your chaynes, and let vs play the men, and make hauocke amongst them, driue them out of the house and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King hath made a redresse of your abuses. These wordes of Adam

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Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appoynted, came all the guests hidden by Saladyne, whom he intreated with courteous and curious intertainment, as they all perceiued their welcome to be great. The tables in the hal where Rosader was tyed, were reue- red, and Saladyne bringing in his guests together, shewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchained as a man lunaticke. Rosader made replie, and with some in- uectiues made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladyne, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stoped their eares with Vlisses, that were his words neuer so forceable, he breathed onely his passions into the winde. They carelesse, sat down with Saladyne to dinner, being verie frolicke and pleasant, washing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entred peale meale into their braines, they began in satyrical speeches to rattle against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gaue the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines got a pollax in his hand, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt manie, slew some, and drave his brother and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doores, and being sore an hungred, and seeing such good victuals, he fate him downe with Adam Spencer and such good fellows as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such prouision as Saladyne had prepared for his friends. After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampired up the house, least upon a sodaine his brother should raise some crue of his tenants, and surprise them vnawares. But Saladyne took a contrarie course, and went to the Sheriffe of the shyre and made complaint of Rosader, who giuing credite to Saladyne, in a determined resolution to reuenge the Gentlemans wrongs, took with him five and twentie tall men, and made a bowe, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or els to cope him in till he made him yelde by



by famine. In this determination, gathering a crue together he went forward to set Saladyne in his former estate. Newes of this was brought unto Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brokt all the iniuries of Fortune with patience, expecting the coming of the Sheriffe. As he walkt upon the battlements of the house, he descried where Saladyne and he diew neare, with a troupe of lustie gallants. At this he smilde, and calde by Adam Spencer, and shewed him the enuious treacherie of his brother, and the folly of the Sheriffe to bee so credulous: now Adam, quoth he, what shall I doe? It rests for me, either to yeelde by the house to my brother and seeke a reconciliation, or els issue out, and breake through the companie with courage, for coopt in like a coward I will not bee. If I submit (ah Adam) I dishonour my selfe, and that is worse than death; for by such open disgraces the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may fauour me, and I may escape with life; but suppose the worst: if I be slaine, then my death shall be honourable to me, and so inequall a reuenge infamous to Saladyne. Why then haster forward and feare not, out amongst them, they bee but faint hearted iazells, and for Adam Spencer, if he die not at your foote, say he is a dastard. These words cheered vp so the hart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them all, & therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to intertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came Saladyne and he to the gates, but Rosader vnlokt for leapt out and assailed them, wounded manie of them, and caused the rest to giue backe, so that Adam and hee broke through the prease in despite of them all, and tooke their way towards the Forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the Sheriffes heart on fire to reuenge, that he straight raysed al the countrey, and made Hue and Crie after them. But Rosader and Adam knowing full well the secreete wayes that led through the vineyards, stole away priuely through the prouince of Bourdeaux, & escaped safe to the Forrest of Arden,

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den. Being come thither, they were glad they had so good a harbour: but Fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with euerie object, & constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the Forrest, where they wandered five or sixe dayes without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer (being olde) began first to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

### Adam Spencers speech.

**O**h how the life of man may well be compared to the State of the Ocean seas, that for euerie calme hath a thousand stormes; resembling the Rose tree, that for a few faire flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delights, are crossed with deepest discontents. The ioyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten; and wythering in the blossome, either parched with the heate of enuie, or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deedes art froward and fickle, delighting in the pouertie of the lowest, and the ouerthrow of the highest, to decypher thy inconstancie. Thou standst upon a gloabe, and thy wings are plumed with times feathers, that thou maist euer be restlesse; thou art double faced like Ianus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray; thou profferest an Ele, and perfourmest a Scorpion; and where thy greatest fauours be, there is the feare of the extreamest misfortunes; so variable are all thy actions.



ons. But why Adam dost thou exclaime against fortune? she laughs at the plaints of the distressed; and there is nothing more pleasing unto her, than to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discover the sower of their passions. Gnat her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishappes with patience. For there is no greater checke to the pride of fortune, than with a resolute courage to passe over her crosses without care. Thou art olde Adam, and thy haire wax white, the Palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the Kalenders of death? Wert thou blessed by fortune thy yeares could not be manie, nor the date of thy life long: then such Nature must haue her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day. Ah, it is not this which grieueth mee, nor doo I care what mishaps Fortune can wage against me: but the sight of Rosader, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe; then doo I say, that fortune and the fates are most iniurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, but some and full of May. Nature hath prodigally intricht thee with her fauours, and vertue made thee the myrrour of her excellence: and now through the decree of the vniust starres, to haue all these good partes nipped in the blade, and blemishe by the inconstancie of Fortune. Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my griefe were the lesse, and happie should my death be, if it might be the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrowe. What shall I do: prevent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, despaire is a mercilesse sinne.

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, saide, What  
cheere

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cheere master? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words Rosader lifted vp his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer began to weepe. Ah Adam quoth he, I sorowe not to die, but I griue at the manner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde beast, and perish as his pray, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Master (quoth hee) you see wee are both in one predicament, and long I cannot liue without meate, seeing therefore we can find no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am olde, and ouerworne with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours: let me then die, I will presently cut my veynes, & master with the warme blood relieue your fainting spirits: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was readie to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose vp, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there till his retourne; for my minde giues me quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man he rose vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beaste with his rapier, that either he might carrie his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawne of his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crew of Outlawes liued in that forest, that day in honour of his Birth made a Feast to all his bolde peomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadowe of lymon trees. To that place by chance Fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of braue men hauing store of that, for want of which he and Adam perished, he stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the companie thus.

Whatsoere thou bee that art master of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously, as a man in extreame distresse



Gresse may; knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are  
 heere famished in the forrest for want of foode: perishe we  
 must vnllesse relieved by thy fauours. Therefore if thou be a  
 Gentleman, giue meate to men, and to such men as are cue-  
 rie way worthe of life; let the proudest squire that sittes at  
 thy table, rise & incounter with me in anie honourable point  
 of actiuitie what soeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a  
 man, send me a way comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as  
 a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongst you with my  
 sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perishe with so co-  
 wardly an extreame. Gerismond looking him earnestly in  
 the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a pas-  
 sion, was moued with so great pittie; that rising from the ta-  
 ble, he tooke him by the hand and had him welcome, willing  
 him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to  
 eate his fill, but be Lord of the feast. Gramercie sir (quoth  
 Rosader) but I haue a feeble friend that lies heereby fami-  
 shed almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the  
 extremitie of hunger than my selfe, and dishonour it were  
 for me to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my  
 fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I  
 will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader  
 to Adam Spencer, and tells him the newes, who was glad  
 of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that hee could not  
 goe: whereupon Rosader got him vpon his backe, and  
 brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond & his  
 men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship;  
 & Rosader hauing Gerismonds place assigned him, would  
 not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well  
 to be thought, those hungrie squires fell to their victuals, and  
 feasted themselves with good delicates, and great store of  
 wine. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond  
 (desirous to heare what hard fortune draue them into those  
 bitter extreames) requested Rosader to discourse, (if it were  
 not anie way preiudiciall vnto him) the cause of his trauell.  
 Rosader (desirous anie way to satisfie the courtesie of his

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fauourable host, (first beginning his exordium with a volley of sighes, and a few luke warme teares) prosecuted his discourse, & told him frō point to point all his fortunes; how he was the pongest Sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundrie times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriffe, and hurting his men, he fled; and this olde man (quoth he) whome I so much loue and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old seruant of my fathers, and one (that for his loue) neuer failed me in all my misfortunes. When Gerismond hearde this, hee fell on the necke of Rosader, and next discoursing vnto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had euer been betwixt his father Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux and him, how faithfull a subiect he liued, and how honourably he died; promising (for his sake) to giue both him and his friend such courtous intertainment, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his forresters. Rosader seeing it was the King, craude pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doe him due reuerence, and humbly gaue him thanks for his fauourable courtesie. Gerismond not satisfied yet with newes, began to enquire if he had been lately in the court of Torismond, and whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynde, or no: At this, Rosader fetcht a deep sigh, and shedding manie teares, could not answere: yet at last, gathering his spirites together, hee reuealed vnto the King, how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a simpathe of affections betweene Alinda and her, that shee chose rather to be partaker of her exile, than to part fellowshippe: whereupon the vnnaturall King banished them both; and now they are wandzed none knowes whether, neither could anie learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes dyne the King into a great melancholy, that presently he arose from all the companie, and went into his priue chamber, so secret as the harbor of the woods would allow him. The courpanie was all dasht at these tidings, &  
Rosader



Rosader and Adam Spencer hauing such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leaue them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire reuenewes, found iust occasion to quarrell with Saladyne, about the wrongs hee proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herchault, hee sent for Saladyne in all post hast. Who meruailling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his Highnesse: but imboldened with his innocence, hee boldly went with the Herchault vnto the Court. Where assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladyne, chiefly in that the Tayler had a straight charge ouer him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Manie passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, & to meditate with himselfe. Leauing his head on his hand, and his elbowe on his knee, full of sorrow, grieve and disquieted passions, hee resolved into these tearmes.

#### Saladynes complaint.

**V**nhappie Saladyne, whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the heauens doers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballaunce in his list, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iustice? Oh Saladyne, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule; and not onely discouering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one lytter are euer most louing, and brothers that are sonnes of one father, should liue in friendship without iarre. Oh Saladyne, so it should bee: but thou hast with the decree fedde a-

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gainst the winde, with the Crab stroue against the streame, and sought to peruert Nature by unkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladyne) cries for reuenge, his youth pleades to God to inflict some penaunce vpon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce wits of displeasure to crosse thee: thou hast highly abused thy kinde & naturall brother, and the heauens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no sting to the worme of conscience, no hell to a minde toucht with guilt. Euerie wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wingeth a drop of bloud from my heart, euerie bad looke, euerie frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and sayes Saladyne thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some penaunce to discouer thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, he was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made aunswere, that vpon some ryot made against the Sheriffe of the shyre, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whether. Nay villain (quoth he) I haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy brother since the death of thy father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and resolute Cheualier. Therefore, in Justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for euer from the Court and Countrey of France, and see thy departure bee within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt lose thy head, & with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and in penaunce of his former follies to trauell abroade in euerie Coast, till hee had founde out his Brother Rosader. With whom now I begin.

Rosader beeing thus preferred to the place of a Foresser by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continual exercise, trauerling the groues and wilde Forrests: partly to heare the melodie of the sweete birdes



birdes which recorded, and partly to shewe his diligent in-  
deauour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatsoeuer he did, or  
howsoeuer he walked, the liuely Image of Rosalynde re-  
mained in memorie: on her swete perfections he fedde his  
thoughtes, prouing himselfe like the Eagle a true bozne  
bird, since as the one is known by beholding the Sunne:  
so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among  
the rest, finding a fit oportunitie and place conuenient, desir-  
ous to discouer his woes to the wodes, hee engraue with  
his knife on the barke of a Myrtle tree, this pretie estimate  
of his Mistres perfection.

## Sonnetto.

Of all chaste birdes the Phoenix doth excell,  
Of all strong beasts the Lion beares the bell,  
Of all sweete flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,  
Of all faire maides my Rosalynde is fairest.

Of all pure mettals golde is onely purest,  
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,  
Of all soft sweetes I like my Mistres brest,  
Of all chaste thoughts my Mistres thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds the Eagle pleaseth Ioue,  
Of pretie fowles kinde Venus likes the Dove,  
Of trees Minerva doth the Olive loue,  
Of all sweete Nymphes I honour Rosalynde.

Of all her gifts her wisdom pleaseth most,  
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:  
For all these giftes my life and ioy is lost,  
If Rosalynde proue cruell and unkinde.

In these and such like passions, Rosader did euerie daye  
eternize the name of his Rosalynde: and this day especial:

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lie when Aliena and Ganimede (inforced by the heate of the Sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forester registered his melancholy passions; they saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes; they heard him often abruptly call on Rosalynde: who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that she shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon, (guessing him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their sexe, being pitifull in that behalfe) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their approach: and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes Forester: hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the hornes: tis hunters lucke, to ayme faire and misse: and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet goe without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimede, quoth Aliena, his passions are greater, and his sighs discovers more losse; perhaps in trauersing these thickets, he hath seen some beautifull Nymph, and is growen amorous. It maye bee so (quoth Ganimede) for heere he hath newly ingrauen some sonnet: come and see the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name Rosalynd, Aliena lookt on Ganimede and laught, and Ganimede looking backe on the Forester, and seeing it was Rosader blusht, yet thinking to shroud all vnder hir pages apparell, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me Forester, what is this Rosalynde, for whom thou pineest away in such passions? Is shee some Nymph that waites vpon Dianaes traine, whose chastitie thou hast decyphred in such Epethites? Or is shee some shepheardesse, that haunts these plaines, whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shaddowest in co-uert vnder the figure of Rosalynde, as Ouid did Iulia vnder the name of Corinna? Or say mee for sooth, is it that  
Rosag



Rosalynde, of whome we shepheards haue heard talke, shee  
 Forrester, that is the Daughter of Gerismond, that once  
 was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of Arden.  
 At this Rosader fetcht a deepe sigh, and said, It is shee, O  
 gentle Swayne, it is she, that Saint it is whom I serue, that  
 Goddesse at whose shine I doo bend all my deuotions: the  
 most fairest of all faires, the Phoenix of all that sexe, and the  
 puritie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle For-  
 rester) if she bee so beautifull and thou so amorous, is there  
 such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happely she resem-  
 bleth the rose, that is sweete but full of prickles? or the ser-  
 pent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, &  
 a breath as infectious as the Aconitum is deadly? So thy  
 Rosalynde, may be most amiable, and yet unkinde: full of  
 fauour, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdainfull  
 without reason.

O shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her perso-  
 nage graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a  
 harbour wherein the Graces shroude their vertues: thou  
 wouldst not breathe out such blasphemie against the beau-  
 teous Rosalynde. She is a Diamond, bright but not hard,  
 yet of most chaste operation: a pearle so orient, that it can  
 be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles, and a  
 Princesse absolute aswell in beautie, as in vertue. But I,  
 unhappie I, haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against  
 so bright a Sunne, that I am quite blinde; I haue with A-  
 pollo enamoured my selfe of a Daphne, not (as shee) dis-  
 dainfull, but farre more chaste than Daphne; I haue with  
 Ixion laide my loue on Iuno, and shall (I feare) embrace  
 nought but a clowde. Ah shepheard, I haue reacht at a star,  
 my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, & my thoughts  
 aboue my fortunes. I being a peasant haue ventred to gaze  
 on a Princesse, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such  
 base loues.

Thy Forrester (quoth Ganimede) comfort thy selfe:  
 be blythe and frolicke man, Loue sowseth as low as she soa-  
 reth

reth high: Cupide shootes at a ragge as soone as at a roabe,  
and Venus eye that was so curious sparkled fauor on pole  
footed Vulcan. Feare not man, womens lookes are not ti-  
ed to dignities feathers, noz make they curious esteeme,  
where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not  
Forester, faint heart neuer wonne faire Ladie. But where  
liues Rosalynde now, at the Court?

Oh no (quoth Rosader) she liues I knowe not where,  
and that is my sorrow; banisht by Torismond, and that is  
my hell: for might I but finde her sacred personage, & plead  
before the barre of her pitie the plaint of my passions, hope  
tells mee shee would grace me with some fauour; and that  
woulde suffice as a recompence of all my former miseries.  
Much haue I heard of thy Mistres excellence, and I know  
Forester thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast  
suruayd all her parts with a curious eye: then doo me that  
fauour, to tell mee what her perfections bee. That I will  
(quoth Rosader) for I glorie to make all eares wonder at  
my Mistres excellence. And with that he pulde a paper forth  
his bosome, wherein he read this.

### Rosalyndes description.

+ Like to the cleere in higest spheare  
Where all imperiall glorie shines,  
Of selfe same colour is her haire  
Whether unfolded or in twines:

Heigh ho faire Rosalynde.  
Her eyes are Saphires set in snow,  
Refining heauen by euerie winke;  
The Gods doo feare when as they glow,  
And I doo tremble when I thinke.

Heigh ho, would she were mine.



Her cheekes are like the blushing cloudes  
 That beautifies Auroraes face,  
 Or like the silver crimson shrowde  
 That Phoebus smiling looks doth grace :  
 Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her lippes are like two budded roses,  
 Whom rankes of lillies neighbour nie,  
 Within which bounds she balme incloses,  
 Apt to intice a Deitie :

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke like to a stately towre,  
 Where Loue himselfe imprisoned lies,  
 To watch for glaunces enerie howre,  
 From her denine and sacred eyes,

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her pappes are centers of delight,  
 Her pappes are orbes of heauenlie frame,  
 Where Nature moldes the dew of light,  
 To feede perfection with the same :

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearle, with rubicred,  
 With marble white, with saphire blew,  
 Her bodie enerie way is fed;  
 Yet soft in touch, and sweete in view :

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,  
 The Gods are wounded in her sight,  
 And Loue forsakes his beauenly fires,  
 And at her eyes his brand doth light :

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not Nymphes though I bemoane  
 The absence of faire Rosalynde :

## Euphues

*Since for her faire there is fairer none,*

*Nor for her vertues so divine.*

*Heigh ho faire Rosalynde*

*Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.*

Perijt, quia deperibat.

Beléue me (quoth Ganimede) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynde faire aboue wonder: so it makes me blush, to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly (gentle page) thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe: for it is excellence inough to be like the excellence of Nature. He hath answered you Ganimede (quoth Aliena) it is inough for pages to waite on beautifull Ladies, & not to be beautifull themselves. Oh Mistres (quoth Ganimede) holde you your peace, for you are partiall: Who knowes not, but that all women haue desire to tie souerain to their petticoats, and ascribe beautie to themselves, where if hopes might put on their garments, perhaps they would prooue as comely; if not as comely, it may be more courteous. But tell mee Forrester, (and with that shee turnde to Rosader) vnder whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle swaine vnder the King of Daclawes said he, the vnfortunate Gerismond: who hauing lost his kingdom, crowneth his thoughts with content, accompting it better to gouern among poore men in peace, than great men in daunger. But hast thou not said she, (hauing some melancholie opportunities as this Forrest affoordeth thee) written more Sonnets in commendations of thy Mistres? I haue gentle Swayne quoth he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawne of daye, if your flockes feede in these pastures, I will bring them you: wherein you shall reade my passions, whilst I feele them; iudge my patience when you read it: till when



I bid farewell. So giuing both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge: leauing Aliena and Ganimede to their pittle prattle. So Ganimede (said Aliena, the Forrester beeing gone) you are mightely beloved, men make ditties in your praise, spend sighes for your sake, make an Idoll of your beautie: beleue me it greues mee not a little, to see the poore man so pensine, and you so pittillesse.

Ally Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptorie in your iudgements, I heare Rosalynde praise as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalynde, I could answere the Forrester: If hee mourne for loue, there are medicines for loue: Rosalynde cannot be faire and unkinde. And so Madame you see it is time to folde our flockes, or els Coridon will frowne, and say you will neuer prooue good huswife. With that they put their Sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage, Aliena as merrie as might be, that she was thus in the companie of her Rosalynde: but shee poore soule, that had Loue her load starre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancie, coulde take no rest, but being alone beganne to consider what passionate penance poore Rosader was entoynd to by loue and fortune: that at last she fell into this humour with her selfe.

Rosalynde passionate alone.

**A**lly Rosalynde, how the Fates haue set downe in their Synode to make thee unhappie: for when Fortune hath done her worst, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie; shee seekes to lodge her sonne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fonde girle, he is an unruly guest to harbour; for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuel, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her Laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorowes, cares, and

## Euphues

discontent: she is a Syren, stop thine eares at her melodie; and a Basiliske, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her least thou perishest. Thou art nowe placed in the Countrey content, where are heavenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lawnes where thy flockes feede Diana haunts: bee as her Nymphes, chaste, and enemy to Loue: for there is no greater honour to a Maide, than to accompt of fancie, as a mortall foe to their sexe. Daphne that bonny wench was not turned into a Bay tree, as the Poets faine: but for her chastitie her fame was immortall, resembling the Lawrell that is euer greene. Follow thou her steps Rosalynde, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the Court: whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it woulde bee renewed with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies: least louing in hast thou repent thee at leasure. Ah but yet Rosalynde, it is Rosader that courts thee; one, who as hee is beautifull, so he is vertuous, and harboureth in his minde as manie good qualities, as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours: and therefore Rosalynde stoop to Loue, least being either too coy, or too cruell, Venus waxe wrothe, and plague thee with the reward of disdain.

Rosalynde thus passionate, was wakened from her dumpe by Aliena, who saide it was time to goe to bedde. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Mayne was risen in the North. Whereupon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest all, but the poore Rosalynde: who was so full of passions, that shee coulde not possesse any content. Well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expect what was perfourmed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner slept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganymede: who restless all night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to goe to the field to unfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied  
where



where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimede, & therefore replied thus; What wanton? the Sun is but new to you, & as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora, Phœbus hath not dried up the pearled dew, & so long Coridon hath taught me, it is not fit to lead the sheepe abroad: least the dew being unwholesome, they get the rot: but now see I the old proverbe true, he is in haste whom the diuel drives, & where loue prickes forward, there is no worse death than delay. Ah my good page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thy heart? What, hast thou wrapt loue in thy looks? and set all thy thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame as hard to be quencht as that of ætna. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue facultie attractive like the ieat, and retentive like the diamond: they dally in thy delight of faire objects, til gazing on the Panthers beautifull skinne, repenting experience tell them hee hath a deuouring paunch. Come on (quoth Ganimede) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning colde, or els I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shifte carries no paulme, and therefore vp and away. And for Loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdaine as a charme to withstand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, be not too bolde, for Venus can make you bend; nor too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie Peccaui. And that is it (quoth Aliena) that hath raysed you so early this morning. And with that she slipped on her peticoate, and start vp: and as soone as she had made her readie, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bagge and bottles to the fields, in more pleasant content of mind, than euer they were in the Court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. As soone as Aliena saw him, she smiled, and sayd to Ganimede; wipe your eyes sweeting: for yonder is your sweet hart this morning

## Euphues

in deepe prayers no doubt to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as hee is passionate. Come on Ganimede, I pray thee lets haue a little sport with him. Content (quoth Ganimede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe memento, he began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation, no doubt of your Rosalynde. Take heede Forrester, step not too farre, the fowd may be deepe, and you slip ouer the shoes : I tell thee, flies haue their spleene, the ants choller, the least haire shadows, & the smallest loues great desires. Tis good (Forrester) to loue, but not to ouer-loue : least in louing her that likes not thee, thou folde thy selfe in an endlesse Laborynth. Rosader seeing the fayre shepheardeesse and her yretie swayne, in whose companie he hee felt the great steale of his care, he returned them a salute on this manner.

Gentle shepheards, all haile, and as healthfull bee your flockes, as you happie in content. Loue is restlesse, and my bedde is but the cell of my hane, in that there I finde busie thoughtes and broken slumbers : heere (although euerie where passionate) yet I brooke loue with more patience, in that euerie object feedes mine eye with varietie of fancies ; when I looke on Floras beauteous tapestrie, checkered with the pride of all her treasure, I call to minde the fayre face of Rosalynde, whose heauenly biew exceeds the Rose and the Lilly in their highest excellence ; the brightnesse of Phœbus shine, puts me in minde to thinke of the sparkling flames that flew from her eies, and set my heart first on fire ; the sweet harmonie of the birds, puts me in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Syren enchaunteth the cares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I salue my sorrowes, with applying the perfection of euerie object to the excellence of her qualities.

She is much beholding vnto you (quoth Aliena) and so much, that I haue oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should e-  
uer



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uer proue as amorous as Oenone, I might finde as faith-  
full a Paris as your selfe.

Now say you by this Item Forester, (quoth Ganimede)  
the faire shepheardesse fauours you, who is mistresse of so  
manie flockes. Leane of man the supposition of Rosalynds  
loue, when as watching at her, you roue beyond the Moone;  
and cast your lookes vpon my Mistres, who no doubt is as  
faire though not so royall; one birde in the hande is woorth  
two in the wood; better possesse the loue of Aliena, than  
catch frinuously at the shadow of Rosalynde.

Ile tell thee boy (quoth Ganimede) so is my fancie fix-  
ed on my Rosalynde, that were thy Mistres as faire as Lx-  
da or Danae, whome Ioue courted in transformed shapes,  
mine eyes would not vouch to intertaine their beauties: and  
so hath Ioue lockt mee in her perfections, that I had rather  
onely contemplate in her beauties, than absolutely possesse  
the excellence of anie other. Venus is too blame (Fore-  
ster) if hauing so true a seruant of you, she reward you not  
with Rosalynde, if Rosalynde were more faire than her  
selfe. But leauing this prattle, now Ie put you in  
minde of your promise, about those sonnets which you saide  
were at home in your lodge. I haue them about me (quoth  
Rosader) let vs sit downe, and then you shall heare what a  
Poeticall farte Ioue will infuse into a man: with that they  
sate downe vpon a Greene bank, shadowed with figge trees,  
and Rosader, fetching a deepe sigh read them this Son-  
net.

### Rosaders Sonnet.

*In sorrowes cell I laid me downe to sleepe:  
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,  
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe:  
But weeping teares their want could not suffice:  
Yes since for her they wept who guides my hart,  
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.*

Of

## Euphues

*Of these my teares a fontaine fiercely springs,  
Where Venus baynes her selfe incens'd with loue;  
Where Cupid bowseth his faire feather'd wings:  
But I behold what paines I must approue.  
Care drinke it drie: but when on her I thinke,  
Loue makes me weepe it full unto the brinke.*

*Meane while my sighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,  
By them the windes increast and fiercely blow:  
Yet when I sigh the flame more plaine appeares,  
And by their force with greater power doth glow:  
Amids these paines, all Phœnix like I thrine,  
Since Loue that yeelds me death, may life reuine.*

Rosader en esperance.

Now surely Forrester (quoth Aliena) when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearfull, as despairing of thy Mistres fauours: nor too gleeesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile (quoth Ganimede) at the Sonnettoes, Canzones, Madrigales, rounds and roundelapes, that these pensive patients powre out, when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, than their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish: so these Ouidians (holding *Amo* in their tongues, when their thoughtes come at hap bazarde, write that they be wrapt in an endlesse laborynth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they onely haue their humours in their iackpot. If they finde women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to theyr lust, then they triumph till they be full gorge with pleasures: and then fly they away (like ramage kptes) to their owne content, leauing the tame foole their Mistres full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that waits not such a one as themselves, but spies their subtiltie) they end their amors with  
a few



a few fained sighes : and so there excuse is, their Mistres is cruell, and they smother passions with patience. Such gentle Forrester we may deeme you to bee, that rather passe away the time here in these Woods with writing amozets, than to bee deeply enamoured (as you saye) of your Rosalynde. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortunes at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent, then that you may with Ixion embrace Iuno in a clowde, and haue nothing but a marble Mistres to release your martyrdome : but if you be true and trustie, ey-paind and hart sicke, then accursed bee Rosalynde if shee proue cruell : for Forrester (I flatter not) thou art worthy of as faire as shee. Aliena spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how Ganimede flew to the fist without anie call : but Rosader who toke him flat for a shepheards Swayne made him this answer.

Trust me Swayne (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was witten in no such humour : for mine eye & my heart are relatives, the one drawing fancie by sight, the other entertaining her by sorowe. If thou sawest my Rosalynde, with what beauties Nature hath favoured her, with what perfection the heaucus hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods haue endued her ; then wouldest thou say, there is none so fickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If she had ben Aeneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence despite of them, woulde haue detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had been as beauteous, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both as honourable and excellent as she ; neither had the Philbert tree sorowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the starres haue been graced with Ariadne : but Demophoon and Theseus had been trustie to their Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a deepe insight thou couldest pearce into the secretes of my loues, and see what deepe impressions of her Idea affection hath made in my heart : then wouldest thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse indued with admirable patience. Why

## Euphues

x (quoth Aliena) needes there patience in Loue? Or els in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a restlesse soare, that hath no ease, a canker that still frets, a disease that taketh awaye all hope of sleepe. If then so manie sorowes, sodain ioyes, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daylie griefes, and nightly woes be found in Loue, then is not he to be accounted patient, that smotheres all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimede) and therefore wee holde all thy words for Ariomes: but is Loue such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it: for as the weedes growe longer vntoucht than the pretie flowers, and the flint lies safe in the quarrie, when the Emeraulde is suffering the Lapidaries toole: so meane men are freed from Venus iniuries, when kings are enuyned with a labyrinth of her cares. The whiter the Lawne is, the deeper is the moale, the more purer the chrysolite the sooner stained; and such as haue their hearts full of honour, haue their loues full of the greatest sorowes. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) he fixeth his dart, hee neuer leauech to assault him, till either hee hath wonne him to follie or fancie: for as the Moone neuer goes without the starre Lunisequa, so a Louer neuer goeth without the unrest of his thoughts. For prooffe you shall heare another fancie of my making. Now doe gentle Forrester (quoth Ganimede) and with that he read ouer this Sonetto.

### Rosaders second Sonetto.

x Turne I my lookes vnto the Skies,  
x Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eies:  
If so I gaze vpon the ground,  
Loue then in euerie flower is found.



*Search 7 the shade to flie my paine,  
 He meetes me in the shade againe:  
 Wend 7 to walke in secreete groue,  
 Euen there I meete with sacred Loue.  
 If so I bayne me in the spring,  
 Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:  
 If so I meditate alone,  
 He will be partner of my moane.  
 If so I mourne, he weepes with mee,  
 And where I am, there will he bee.  
 When as I talke of Rosalynde,  
 The God from coyresse waxeth kinde,  
 And seemes in selfe same flames to frie,  
 Because he loues as well as I.  
 Sweete Rosalynde for pitie rue,  
 For why, then Loue I am more true:  
 He if he speede will quicklie flie,  
 But in thy loue I line and die.*

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Harrie  
 quoth Ganimede, for the penne well, for the passion ill: for  
 as I praise the one; I pitie the other, in that thou shouldest  
 hunt after a clowde, and loue either without rewarde or re-  
 garde. Tis not her frowardnesse, quoth Rosader, but my  
 hard fortunes, whose Destenies haue crost me with her ab-  
 sence: for did thee feele my loues, she would not let me lin-  
 ger in these sorowes. Women, as they are faire, so they  
 respect faith, and estimate more (if they be honourable) the  
 wil than the wealth, hauing loyaltie the obiect whereat they  
 ayme their fancies. But leauing off these interparleyes,  
 you shall heare my last Sonnetto, and then you haue heard  
 all my Poetrie: and with that he sight out this.

# Euphues

## Rosaders third Sonnet.

3  
Of vertuous Loue my selfe may boast alone,  
Since no suspect my seruice may attaint :  
For perfect faire shee is the onely one,  
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint :  
+ Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,  
And for her faire she onely doth excell.

Then let fond Petrarch shrowde his Lawraes praise,  
And Tasso cease to publish his affect ;  
Since mine the faith confirme at all assaies,  
And hers the faire, which all men doo respect :  
+ My lines her faire, her faire my faith assures ;  
+ Thus I by Loue, and Loue by me endures.

Thus quoth Rosader, heere is an ende of my Poems,  
but for all this no release of my passions : so that I resem-  
ble him, that in the deapth of his distresse hath none but the  
Eccho to aunswere him. Ganimede pittying her Rosa-  
der, thinking to driue him out of this amorous melancholie,  
said, that now the Sunne was in his Meridionall heat,  
and that it was high noone, therefore we shepheards say, tis  
time to goe to dinner : for the Sunne and our stomackes,  
are Shepheards dialls. Therefore Forrester, if thou wilt  
take such fare as comes out of our homely scrippes, wel-  
+ come shall aunswere whatsoeuer thou wantst in delicates.  
Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and told Ro-  
sader he should be her guest. He thankt them heartely, and  
sate with them downe to dinner : where they had such cates  
as Countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content,  
and such sweete prattle, as it seemed sarre more sweete, than  
all their Courtly iunckets.

Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giuing  
them thankes for his good cheere, would haue been gone :  
but



# golden Legacie.

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but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus; May Forrester quoth he, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art Rosader; see in some amorous Eglogue, how if Rosalynde were present, how thou couldest court her: and while we sing of Loue, Aliena shall tune her pipe, and playe vs melodie. Content, quoth Rosader. And Aliena, the to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

## The wooing Eglogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader.

Rosader.

I pray thee Nymph by all the working words,  
By all the teares and sighes that Lovers know,  
Or what or thoughts or faltring tongue affords,  
I craue for mine in ripping up my woe.  
Sweete Rosalynd my loue (would God my loue)  
My life (would God my life) ay pitie me;  
Thy lips are kinde, and humble like the done,  
And but with beautie pitie will not be.  
Looke on mine eyes made red with rusfull teares,  
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth,  
All pale in lookes, and I though young in yeares,  
And nought but loue or death my daies befrendeth.  
Oh let no stormie rigour knit thy browes,  
Which Loue appointed for his mercie seate:  
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,  
The yron yeelds with hammer, and to heate.  
Oh Rosalynde then be thou pittifull,  
For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

# Euphues

## Rosalynde.

Loues wantons arme their traitrous suites with teares,  
With vowes, with oathes, with lookes, with showers of golde:  
But when the fruite of their affects appeares,  
The simple heart by subtill sleights is solde.  
Thus suckes the yeelding eare the poysoned bair,  
Thus feedes the hart vpon his endlesse harmes,  
Thus glut the thoughts themselves on selfe deceit,  
Thus blinde the eyes their sight by subtill charmes.  
The louely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,  
The deaw of deepe dissembled doublenesse:  
These may attempt, but are of power no more,  
Where beautie leanes to wit and soothfastnesse.  
Oh Rosader then be thou Wittifull,  
For Rosalynde scornes foolish pitifull.

## Rosader.

I pray thee Rosadlyne by those sweete eyes  
That staine the Sunne in shine, the morne in cleare;  
By those sweete cheekes where Lone incamped lies  
To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.  
I tempt thee Rosalynde by ruthfull plaints,  
Not seasoned with deceit or fraudfull guile,  
But firme in paine, farre more than tongue depaints,  
Sweete Nymph be kinde, and grace me with a smile.  
So may the heauens preserue from hurtfull food  
Thy harmelesse flockes, so may the Summer yeeld  
The pride of all her riches and her good,  
To fat thy sheepe (the Citizens of field).  
Oh leaue to arme thy louely browes with scorne:  
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile,  
And Louers nought but sighes and bitter mourne,  
The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.  
Oh Rosalynde then be thou pitifull:  
For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

Rosa-



# golden Legacie.

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Rosalynde.

*The hardned Steele by fire is brought in frame :*

Rosader.

*And Rosalynde my loue than anie wooll more softer ;  
And shall not sighes her tender heart inflame ?*

Rosalynde.

*Were Lovers true, maides would beleene them oster.*

Rosader.

*Trnth and regard, and honour guide my loue.*

Rosalynde.

*Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.*

Rosader,

*Oh pitie me sweete Nymph, and doo but proue.*

Rosalynde.

*I would resist, but yet I know not why.*

Rosader.

*Oh Rosalynde be kinde, for times Will change,  
Thy lookes ay nill be faire as now they be,  
Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange :  
Ah yeelde in time sweete Nymph, and pitie me.*

Rosalynde.

*Oh Rosalynde thou must be pitifull.  
For Rosader is yong and beautifull.*

Rosader.

*Oh gaine more great than kingdomes, or a crowne.*

Rosalynde.

*Oh trust betraid if Rosader abuse me.*

Rosader.

*First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,  
And heauen and earth as abiect quite refuse me.  
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,  
And restlesse horror hatch within my breast,  
Let beauties eye afflict me with a lowre,  
Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest;*

Ere

## Euphues

*Ere Rosalynde my loyaltie disprone,  
Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkinde.*

*Rosalynde.*

*Then Rosalynde will grace thee with her loue,  
Then Rosalynde will haue thee still in minde.*

*Rosader.*

*Then let me triumph more than Tithons deere,  
Since Rosalynde will Rosader respect :  
Then let my face exile his sorrie cheere,  
And frolicke in the comfort of affect :*

*And say that Rosalynde is onely pitifull,  
Since Rosalynde is onely beautifull.*

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganymede as Augure of some good fortunes to light vpon their affections, beganne to be thus pleasant; How now Forrester, haue I not fitted your turn? haue I not plaide the woman handsomely, and shewed my selfe as coy in graunts, as courteous in desires, and been as full of suspition, as men of flatterie? And yet to salue all, iumpt I not all vp with the sweete vnion of loue? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes made this merrie replie.

Truth gentle Swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde : but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to possesse a goddesse, onely imbraced a clowde : in these iniaginarie fructions of fancie, I resemble the birds that fed themselues with Zenxis painted grapes ; but they grewe so leane with pecking at shaddowes, that they were glad with Aesops Cocke to scrape for a barley corne : so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my Distres fauours, soch my self in thy lutes, and onely in conceipt reape a wished for content : but if my food be no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeares ende, shall finde mee but a leane louer. Yet doe I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these  
fained



fained affections doe deuine some vnfained ende of ensuing  
fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the priest,  
from this day forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and  
thou shalt call Ganimede wife, and so weele haue a marri-  
age. Content (quoth Rosader) and laught. Content (quoth  
Ganimede) and changed as redde as a rose: and so with a  
smile and a blush, they made vp this iesting match, that af-  
ter proude to a marriage in earnest; Rosader full little  
thinking he had wooed and wonne his Rosalynde. But all  
was well, hope is a swæte string to harpe on: and therefore  
let the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and  
carrie Fortunes leasure, till she may make a Metamorpho-  
sis fit for his purpose. I digresse, and therefore to Aliena:  
who said, the wedding was not worth a pinne, vnles there  
were some cheere, noz that bargaine well made that was  
not stricken vp with a cuppe of wine: and therefore she wilde  
Ganimede to set out such cates as they had, and to drawe  
out her bottle, charging the Forrester as hee had imagined  
his loues, so to conceipt these cates to be a most sumptuous  
banquet, and to take a Dazer of wine and to drinke to his  
Rosalynde: which Rosader did; and so they passed awaye  
the day in manie pleasant deuices. Till at last Aliena per-  
ceiued time would carrie no man, and that the Sunne wax-  
ed verie lowe, readie to set: which made her shorten their a-  
moorous prattle, and ende the Banquet with a fresh Car-  
rowse; which done, they all thre rose, and Aliena broke  
off thus.

Now Forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath been  
partaker of our sports; seeing euerie Woodman moze for-  
tunate in his loues, than hee in his fancies; seeing thou hast  
wonne Rosalynde, when he could not woe Daphne, hides  
his head for shame, and bids vs adieu in a clowde; our shep  
they poze wantons wander towards their foldes, as taught  
by Nature their due times of rest: which tells vs Forrester,  
we must depart. Marrie, though there were a marriage,  
yet I must carrie (this night) the Byde with me, and to

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morrow morning if you meete vs heere, Ile promise to deliuer her as good a maide as I finde her. Content quoth Rosader, tis enough for me in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to doate on loue: and so till to morrow you to your ffoldes, and I will to my Lodge; and thus the fforrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and folded their flockes, and taking vp their hooke, their bagges, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the waye, Aliena to make the time seeme short, began to prattle with Ganimede thus; I haue heard them say, that what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the starres are sicklers in Venus Court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destenie; if it be so, then by all probable coniectures, this match will be a marriage: for if Augurisme be authenticall, or the deuines doomes principles, it cannot bee but such a shaddowe portends the issue of a substance, for to that ende did the Gods force the conceipt of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the ensuing consent of your affections: so that eare it bee long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your Wedding.

Cush (quoth Ganimede) al is not malke that is cast on the kill, there goes more words to a bargain than one, loue feeles no footing in the aire, and fancie holdes it slipperie harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made but he may misse of his market; but if Fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Distresse Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth shee) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours: for now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet; your eye that euer looked at Loue, will now lende a glaunce on your Lambes: and then they will proue more luxsome and you more blythe, for the eyes of the Master feedes the Cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spied olde Coridon where hee came plodding to meete them: who tolde them supper was readie: which newes made them speede them home.

Where



Where we leaue them to the next morrow, and returne to Saladyne.

All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the Court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lions, and so trauell through Germanie into Italy: but the Forrest being full of by-patches, and he unskillfull of the Countrey coast, slept out of the way, and chaunced by into the Desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne wearie with wandering up and downe, and hungrie with long fasting; finding a little caue by the side of a thicket, eating such frute as the Forrest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungrie Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue for pray, and espying Saladyne began to reaze vpon him: but seeing he lay still without anie motion, he left to touch him, for that Lions hate to pray on dead carcases: and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful ouer her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (hauing stricken a Deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the groue with a Boare speare in his hand in great hast, he spied where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight, as hee stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bled; which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, hee might easely discerne his visage, and perceiued by his physionomie that it was his brother Saladyne: which draue Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vunexpected a chaunce, maruelling what shoulde driue his brother to trauerse those secrete Desarts without anie companie in such distresse and forlorne sort. But the present time craued no such doubting ambages: for either he must

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resolue to hazard his life for his reliefe, or els steale awaye,  
and leaue him to the crueltie of the Lion. In which doubt,  
he thus brie fly debated with himselfe.

## Rosaders meditation.

**N**OW Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee  
with nettles, meanes to salue thee with roses; and  
hauing cross thee with manie frownes, now she pre-  
sents thee with the brightnesse of her fauours. Thou that  
didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men, maist ac-  
compt thy selfe now the most fortunate amongst men; if for-  
tune can make men happie, or sweete reuenge be wrapt in a  
pleasing content. Thou seest Saladyne thine enemye, the  
worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine  
exile, subiect to the crueltie of a mercilesse Lion: brought  
into this miserie by the Gods, that they might seeme iust in  
reuenging his rigour, and thy iniuries. Seest thou not how  
the starres are in a fauourable aspect, the plannets in some  
pleasing coniunction, the fates agreeable to thy thoughtes,  
and the destenies perfourmers of thy desires, in that Sala-  
dyne shall die, and thou free of his blood; he receiue meede  
for his amisse, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent  
hands. Now Rosader shalt thou returne to Bourdeaux,  
and enioye thy possessions by birth, and his reuenues by  
inheritance: now maist thou triumph in loue, and hang  
Fortunes Altares with garlandes. For when Rosalynde  
heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee more wil-  
lingly: for womens eyes are made of Chrysocol, that is e-  
uer vnperfect vnlesse tempered with golde: and Iupiter soo-  
nest enioyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a sho-  
wer. Thus shall this Lion (Rosader) end the life of a mi-  
serable man, and from distresse raise thee to bee most fortu-  
nate. And with that casting his Boare speare on his neck,  
away he began to trudge. But hee had not slept backe two



of thre paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that resting his Boare speare against his breast, hee fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and yet the most hardiest Knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne? and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a Gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe breathe out this golden principle; Brothers amitie is like the drops of Balsamum, that salueth the most dangerous sores? Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shewe thy selfe carelesse? Oh Rosader, what though Saladyne hath wronged thee, and made thee liue an exile in the Forrest? Shall thy nature be so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sauage, as to suffer so dismall a reuenge? what, to let him be deuoured by wilde beasts? Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life Rosader to winne a world of treasure: for in hauing him thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemie: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than reuenging a thousand iniuries.

With that his Brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rowse himselfe: whereupon Rosader sodainely charged him with the Boare speare, and wounded the Lion verie sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gaue him a sore pinch on the breast that he had almost slain: yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux remained, he recouered himselfe, and in short combat slew the Lion: who at his death roared so lowde, that Saladyne awaked, and starting vp was amazed at the sodayne sight of so monstrous a beast lie slaine by him, and so sweete a Gentleman wounded. He presently (as hee was of a ripe souceipt) began to coniecture, that the Gentleman had slaine

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him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a trance) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his Brother beeing in that disguise: at last hee burst into these tearmes.

Sir whatsoeuer thou bee, (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valure) I perceiue thou hast redrest my fortunes by thy courage, and saued my life with thine owne losse: which ties me to be thine in all humble seruice. Thankes thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue: for my abilitie denies to perfourme a deeper debt. But if anie wayes it please thee to commaund me, vse me as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman may stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was unknowen to his brother, wondered to heare such courteous words come from his crabbed nature; but glad of such reformed nurture, hee made this aunswere. I am sir (whatsoeuer thou art) a Forrester and Ranger of these walkes: who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hether by some assenting Fate, that I might saue thee, and disparage my selfe. For comming in to this place, I sawe thee asleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising hee might prey vpon thy car-kasse. At the first sight, I coniectured thee a Gentleman, (for all mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of his owne bloud: which I haue perfourmed (thou seest) to mine owne prejudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I valew thee by thy exterior liniments, make discourse vnto mee what is the cause of thy present fortunes. For by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frowns: but whatsoeuer or howsoeuer, let me crane that fauour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladyne sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus.



Saladynes discourse to Rosader  
vnknown.

**A**lthough the discourse of my fortunes, be the renewing of my sorowes, and the rubbing of the scar, will open a fresh wound; yet that I may not proue ingratefull to so courteous a Gentleman, I will rather sitte downe and sigh out my estate, than giue anie offence by smothering my griefe with silence. Know therefore (sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heire of Syr Iohn of Bourdeaux, a man for his vertues and valour so famous, that I cannot thinke, but the fame of his honours, hath reacht farther than the knowledge of his Personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a Knight am I, my name Saladyne: Who succeeding my Father in possessions but not in qualities, hauing two Brethren committed by my Father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly concord, as might haue pierst like the Syrens melodie into anie humane eare. But I (with Vlysses became deafe against his Philosophicall harmony, and made more value of profite than of vertue, esteeming golde sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I set my middle brother to the Uniuersitie to be a Scholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a booke, while I fed vpon his renene loes: and for the yongest (which was my fathers ioye) yong Rosader. And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne sate him downe and wept.

May forward man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the unfittest salve that anie man can applie for to cure sorowes, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as shoulde droppe out of a Womans eye to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans looke to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

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Oh sir (quoth Saladyne) this Rosader that wringes teares from mine eyes, and bloud from my heart, was like my father in exterior personage and in inward qualities: for in the prime of his yeares he aimed all his acts at honoꝝ, and coueted rather to die, than to brooke anie iniurie vnworthie a Gentlemans credite. I, whom enuie had made blinde, and conetousnesse masked with the baile of selfe loue, seeing the Palme tree grow straight, thought to suppress it being a twig: but Nature will haue her course, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle glistering, and vertue will shine though it be neuer so much obscured. For I kept Rosader as a slave, and vsed him as one of my seruile hindes, vntill age grew on, and a secrete insight of my abuse entred into his minde: insomuch, that hee could not brooke it, but coueted to haue what his father left him, and to liue of himselfe. To be short sir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me not with abilitie but valour, vntill at last by my friends and aid of such as followed golde more than right or vertue, I banisht him from Bourdeaux, and he poore Gentleman liues no man knowes where in some distressed discontent. The Gods not able to suffer such impietie vreuenged, so wrought, that the King pickt a causeles quarrell against me, in hope to haue my lands, and so hath exiled me out of France for euer. Thus, thus sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as hauing a blemish in my thoughtes for the wrongs I proffered Rosader, and a touche in my estate to be thowen from my proper possessions by iniustice. Passionate thus with manie griefes, in penance of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrime like to seeke out my Brother, that I may reconcile my selfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the holy Land, to ende my yeares in as manie vertues, as I haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne began to compassionate his sorowes, and not able to smother the sparkes of Nature with fained secrecie, he burst in-



to these louing speeches. Then know Saladyne (quoth he) that thou hast met with Rosader; who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burden of thy miserie. Saladyne casting vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader: which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which he did in such sort, y<sup>e</sup> he shewed how highly he held reuenge in scoone. Much a doe there was betwene these two Brethren, Saladyne in crauing pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former iniuries; the one submisse, the other courteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kinde & louing; that at length Nature working an vnion of theyr thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the Countrey life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds Lodge, and presented his brother to the King; discoursing the whole matter how all had happened betwixt them. The King looking vppon Saladyne, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honours, gaue him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilment, promised such fauour as the pouertie of his estate might affoord: which Saladyne gratefully accepted. And so Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life? Saladyne brieuely discoursed vnto him his iniustice and tyrannies: with such modestie (although hee had wronged him) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yong Gentleman.

Manie questions past, but at last Gerismond began with a deepe sigh, to inquire if there were anye newes of the welfare of Alinda or his daughter Rosalynde? None sir quoth Saladyne, for since their departure they were neuer heard of. Iniurious Fortune (quoth the King) that to double the Fathers miserie, wrongt the Daughter with misfortunes.

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And with that (surcharged with sorowes) he went into his Cell, & left Saladyne and Rosader, whom Rosader streight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who seeing Saladyne in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when hee heard the whole matter, although he grieved for the exile of his Master, yet hee ioyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lasciuious youth hee was proued a vertuous Gentleman. Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiaritie past betweene them, and what fauours were interchanged with brotherly affection, he said thus; I marrie, thus should it be, this was the concord that olde Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux wisht betwixt you. Now fulfill you those precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing them, looke to liue fortunate, and die honourable. Well said Adam Spencer quoth Rosader, but hast anie victuals in store for vs? A peece of a red Deere (quoth he) and a bottle of wine. Tis Forresters fare brother, quoth Rosader: and so they fate downe and fell to their cates. Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had well dined, Rosader took his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enioyed in that meane estate. Thus for two or thre dayes he walked vp and down with his brother, to shewe him all the commodities that belonged to his Walke. In which time hee was mist of his Ganimede, who mused greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their Forrester. Some while they thought he had taken some word unkindly, and had taken the pret: then they imagined some new loue had withdrawen his fancie, or happily that he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds, or that he had made a reconcilement with his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux. These coniectures did they cast in their heads, but especially Ganimede: who hauing Loue in her heart proued restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged hir with so long absence: for Loue measures euerie minute, and thinkes howers to be dayes, and dayes to be months, till they feed their  
eyes



eyes with the sight of their desired object. Thus perplexed liued poore Ganimedé: while on a day sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his foxrest bill on his necke. At that sight her colour chaungde, and she said to Aliena; See Mistresse where our iolly Foxrestter comes. And you are not a little glad thereof (quoth Aliena) your nose bewrayes what porredge you loue, the winde can not bee tied within his quarter, the Sunne shadowed with a haile, Dyle hidden in water, nor Loue kept out of a Mo- mans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. As soone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tungs ende, Aliena began thus: Why how now gentle Foxrestter, what winde hath kept you from hence? that beeing so newly married, you haue no more care of your Rosalynde, but to absent your selfe so manie dayes? Are these the passions you painted out so in your Sonnets and roundelaies? I see well hote loue is soone colde, and that the fancie of men, is like to a loose feather that wandzeth in the aire with the blast of euerie winde. You are deceiued Mistres quoth Rosader, twas a coppie of vkindnesse that kept me hence, in that I being married, you carried away the Byrde: but if I haue giuen anie occasion of offence by absenting my selfe these thye dayes, I humblie sue for pardon: which you must graunt of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penaunce. But to tell you the truth (faire Mistresse, and my good Rosalynde) my eldest Brother by the iniurie of Torismond is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chaunce hee and I met in the Foxrest. And heere Rosader discoursed vnto them what had hapned betwixt them: which reconcilement made them gladd, especially Ganimedé. But Aliena hearing of the tyrannie of her Father, griued inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecie, that the concealing was more sorrow than the conceipt: yet that her estate might be hid still, shee made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

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Fortune, that faue how these parties valued not her Deitie, but helde her power in scoone, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine Rascalls that liued by prowling in the Forrest, who for feare of the Prouost Marshall had caues in the groues and thickets, to shrowde themselves from his traines; hearing of the beautie of this faire Shepheardesse Aliena, thought to steale her away, and to giue her to the King for a present; hoping, because the King was a great lechour, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons: and therfore came to take her and her Page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimede were in this sad talk, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands vpon Aliena and her Page, which made them crie out to Rosader: who hauing the valour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than anie way be toucht with the least blemish of dishonour; and therfore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witnesse well vpon their carcasses, that he was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him; so that hee was not onely rebatted, but soze wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had been quite carried away by these Rascals, had not Fortune (that ment to turne her frowne into a fauour) brought Saladyne that way by chaunce; who wandring to finde out his Brothers Walke, encountred this crue: and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, hee heaued vp a Forrest hill he had on his necke, and the first hee stroke had neuer after more neede of the Physicion: redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were amazed at his valour.

Rosader espying his brother so fortunately arriued, and seeing how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though soze wounded, rushed amongst them, and laid on such load, that some of the crue were slaine, and the rest fled, leauing Aliena & Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena



Aliena after she had breathed a while and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimode was busie dressing vp the wounds of the Forrester: but she cast her eye vpon this courteous champion that had made so hote a rescue, and that with such affection, that she began to measure euerie part of him with fauour, and in her selfe to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of unbri- dled villaines. At last gathering her spirites together, she returned him these thanks.

Gentle sir, whatsoeuer you be that haue aduentured your flesh to relieue our fortunes, as we holde you valiant, so we esteeme you courteous, and to haue as manie hidden vertues, as you haue manifest resolutions. Wee poore Shep- herds haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with anie great treasures: but our recompence is thanks, and our rewardes to our friends without faining. For ransome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde gramercie, as a poore Shepheardesse and her Page may giue: with promise (in what wee may) neuer to proue ingratefull. For this Gentlemen that is hurt, yong Rosader, he is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance, wee le pay him with smiles, and feede him with loue-lookes: and though he bee neuer the fatter at the yeares ende, yet wee le so hamper him that he shall holde himselfe satisfied.

Saladyne hearing this Shepheardesse speake so wisely began more narrowly to prye into her perfection, and to sur- uey all her liniaments with a curious insight; so long dal- ying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for he oue that lurked in all these boiles to haue a blowe or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, en- countred them both with such a venie, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deepe, as it could neuer after be raced out. At last after he had looked so long, till Aliena waxt red, he re- turned her this answer.

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Faire Shepheardesse, if Fortune graced mee with such good hap, as to doo you anie fauour, I holde my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a great conquest: for the reliefe of distressed women is the speciall point, that Gentlemen are tied vnto by honour: seeing then my hazarde to rescue your harmes, was rather dutie than curtesie, thanks is more than belongs to the requitall of such a fauour. But least I might seeme either too coye or too carelesse of a Gentlewomans proffer, I wil take your kinde gramercie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede lookt earnestly vpon him, and said; Trulie Rosader, this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face. No meruaile (quoth hee, gentle Swaine) for tis my eldest brother Saladyne. Your brother quoth Aliena? (& with that she blusht) he is the more welcome, and I holde my selfe the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalfe done such a peece of seruice, if it please him to doo me that honour, I will call him seruant, and he shall call me Mistresse. Content sweet Mistresse quoth Saladyne, and when I forget to call you so, I will be vnmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue quoth Rosader, and giue me some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then wil I home for my wounds bleede soze, and I will haue them drest. Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so pained, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a Dazer, shee spiced it with such comfortable drugs as she had about her, and gaue it him; which did comfort Rosader: that rising (with the helpe of his brother) he tooke his leaue of them, and went to his Lodge. Ganimede as soone as they were out of sight, ledde his flockes downe to a vale, and there vnder the shadow of a Beech tree sate downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweete heart.

And Aliena (as a woman passing discontent) seuering her selfe from her Ganimede, sitting vnder a Lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her newe Love, and to meditate



dicte with her selfe on this manner.

Alienaes meditation.

**A**P me, now I see, and sorrowing sigh to see that Dianaes Lawrells are harbours for Venus Doves, that there trace as well through the Lawnes, wantons as chaste ones; that Calisto be she neuer so chaste, will cast one amorous eye at courting Ioue: that Diana her self will change her shape, but shee will honour Ioue in a shadow: that maidens eyes be they as hard as Diamonds, yet Cupide hath drugs to make them more pliable than waxe. See Alinda, howe Fortune and Ioue haue interleagued themselves to be thy foes: and to make thee their subiect or els an abiect, haue inueigled thy sight with a most beautiful obiect. Alas thou didst holde Venus for a giglot, not a goddess; and now thou shalt be foyt to sue suppliant to her Deitie. Cupide was a boy and blinde, but alas his eye had aime enough to pierce thee to the heart. While I liued in the Court, I helde Ioue in contempt, and in high seates I had small desires. I knewe not affection while I liued in dignitie, nor could Venus countercheeke me, as long as my fortune was maiestie, and my thoughtes honour: and shall I now be high in desires, when I am made lowe by Destenie?

I haue hearde them saye, that Ioue looks not at low cottages, that Venus iettes in Roabes not in ragges, that Cupide flies so high, that hee scornes to touche pouertie with his heele. Tush Alinda, these are but olde wiues tales, and neither authentickall precepts, nor infallible principles: for Experience tells thee, that Peasaunts haue theyr passions, as well as Princes, that Swaynes as they haue their labours, so they haue theyr amours, and Ioue lurkes as soone about a Sheepcoate, as a Pallace,

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Alinda, this day in auoiding a prejudice thou art fallen into a deeper mischiese; being rescued from thy robbers, thou art become captiue to Saladyne: and what then? Women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subjects to fancie. But perhaps Saladynes eye is leuelde vpon a more seemelier Saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience, say Loue hath wrongd thee, that hath not wrongd him; and if he be proud in contempt, bee thou rich in content; and rather die than discouer anie desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, than to conceale Loue, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heire of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough: oh Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou been thus discontent; valiant, and that fettered thine eye; wise, els hadst thou not been nowe wonne: but for all these vertues, banished by thy father; and therefore if hee know thy parentage, he will hate the fruite for the tree, and condemne the yong lien for the olde stocke. Well, howsoeuer, I must loue: and whomsoeuer, I will: and whatsoever betide, Aliena will thinke well of Saladyne: suppose he of me as he please. And with that fetching a deepe sigh, she rise vp, and went to Ganimede: who all this while fate in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader; but now Aliena began to comfort her, herselfe being ouer growen with sorowes, and to recall her from her melancholie with manie pleasaunt perswasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flockes, supping with olde Coridon, who had prouided there cates. He after supper, to passe away the night while bedde time, began a long discourse, how Montanus the yong Shepheard that was in loue with Phoebe, could by no meanes obtaine anie fauour at her hands: but still pained in restlesse passions, remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phoebe, is shee so faire, that she thinkes no shepheard worthe of her beautie: or so forward,



ward that no loue nor loyaltie will content hir : or so coye, that she requires a long time to be wooed : or so foolish that she forgets, that like a fox she must haue a large haruest for a little coyne :

I cannot distinguish (quoth Coridon) of these nice qualities : but one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her woman, that you may both see their persons, and note theyr passions : and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure quoth Coridon, if all maidens were of her minde, the world would growe to a madde passe ; for there would be great stoe of wooing and little wedding, manie woords and little worship, much follic and no faith. At this sad sentence of Coridon so solemne brought forth, Aliena smiled : and because it waxt late, she and her page went to bed, both of them hauing fies in their eares to keep the awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladyne. In this discontented humour they pass away the time, til falling on sleep, their senses at rest, Loue left them to their quiet slumbers : which were not long. For as soon as Phœbus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the Skie, summoning the Plough-swaines to their handie labour, Aliena arose ; and going to the couche where Ganimede laye, awakened her page, and said the morning was farre spent, the deaw smal, and time called them awaye to their foldes. Ah, ah, (quoth Ganimede) is the winde in that woze ? then in faith I perceiue that there is no Diamond so harde but will yeelde to the file, no Cedar so strong but the winde will shake, nor anie minde so chaste but Loue will change. Well Aliena, must Saladyne be the man, and will it be a match ? Trust me he is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthe Knight ; whome if hee imitate in perfection as hee represents him in proportion, he is worthe of no lesse than Aliena. But he is an exile : what then ? I hope my Mistres respects the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities not the substance. Those dames that are like Danae, that like loue in

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no shape but in a shower of golde; I wish them husbandes with much wealth and little wit; that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my Aliena) staine the honour of a Shepheardes life to set the end of passions vpon pelfe. Loues eyes looks not so low as gold, there is no fees to be paid in Cupids Courtes: and in elder time (as Coridon hath tolde me) the Shepheards Loue-gifts were apples and chestnuts, & then their desires were loyall and their thoughts constant. But now

*Quaerenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*

And the time is growen to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on:

*omnis enim res*

*Virtus fama decus diuina humanae pulchris.*

*Diuitijs parent: quas qui constrinxerit ille*

*(clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam & rex*

*Et quicquid volet.*

But Aliena let it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith, and there an ende. Aliena hearing Ganimede thus forward to further Saladyne in his affections, thought she kist the childe for the nurses sake, and wooed for him that she might please Rosader, made this replie; Why Ganimede, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou saene Loue in my lookes? Or are mine eyes growen so amorous, that they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my thoughtes by my countenance, thou maist proue as ill a Physiognomer as the Lapidarie, that apmes at the secrete vertues of the Topace, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not known by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by his brightnesse, but by his hardnesse. The Carbuncle that shineth most, is not euer the most precious: and the Apothecaries chuse not flowers for their coulours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwaies Kalenders of fancie, nor doo their thoughtes and their lookes euer agree: for when their eyes are fullest of fauors, then they are oft most empty.



tie of desire: and when they seeme to frowne at disdaine, then are they most forwarde to affection. If I bee melancholie, then Ganimede tis not a consequence that I am entangled with the perfection of Saladyne. But seeing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor Loue kept so couert but it will bee spied, what should friends conceale fancies? Know my Ganimede, the beautie and valour, the wit and prowesse of Saladyne hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no object pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladyne: and if Ioue haue done me iustice, to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of my face, and that he be as deeply enamoured as I am passionate; I tell thee Ganimede, there shall not be much wooing, for she is already wonne, and what needes a longer batterie. I am glad quoth Ganimede that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladyne, and I with Rosader: thus haue the Destinies favoured vs with some pleasing aspect, that haue made vs as private in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start vp, made her readie, & went into the fields with Aliena: where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe vnder an Oliue tree, both of them amorous, and yet diuerslie affected; Aliena ioying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganimede sorrowing for the wounds of her Rosader, not quiet in thought till she might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in theyr dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh Mi Tres (quoth Coridon) you haue a long time desired to see Phoebe the faire Shepheardesse whom Montanus loues: so now if it please you and Ganimede but to walke with me to ponder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine; he courting with his Countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she helde Loue in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two Louers, that

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by the rose, and went with Coridon. As soone as they drew  
nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phoebe sate, (the  
fairest Shepheardesse in all Arden, and be the frolickest  
Swaine in the whole Forrest) she in a peticoate of scarlet,  
couered with a greene mantle; and to shrowde her from the  
Sunne, a chaplet of roses: from vnder which appeared a  
face full of Natures excellence, and two such eyes as might  
haue amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze vpon  
this gorgeous Nymph sat the Shepheard, feeding his  
eyes with her fauours, wooing with such piteous lookes, &  
courting with such deep strained sighs, as would haue made  
Diana her selfe to haue been compassionate. At last, fixing  
his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hande,  
and his elbow on his knee, he sung this mournefull Dittie.

### Montanus Sonnet.

*A Turtle sate vpon a leanelesse tree,  
Mourning her absent pheare  
With sad and sorrie cheare:  
About her wondring stood  
The citizens of Wood,  
And whilest her plumes she rents  
And for her loue laments,  
The stately trees complaine them,  
The birdes with sorrow paine them:  
Each one that doth her view  
Her paine and sorrowes rue,  
But were the sorrowes known  
That me hath ouerthrowen,  
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did looke on me?*

*The lone sicke Polypheme that could not see,  
Who on the barraine shore  
His fortunes doth deplore,*

*And*



*And melteth all in mone  
 For Galatea gone :  
 And with his piteous cries  
 Afflicts both earth and Skies :  
 And to his woe betooke  
 Doth breake both pipe and hooke ;  
 For whom complains the Morne,  
 For whom the Sea Nymphs mourns.  
 Alas his paine is nought :  
 For were my woe but thought,  
 Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did looke on mee?*

*Beyond compare my paine  
 yet glad am I,  
 If gentle Phoebe daie  
 to see her Montan die.*

After this, Montanus felt his passions so extream, that he fell into this exclamation against the iniustice of Love.

Helas Tirant plein de rigueur,  
 Modere vn peu ta violence :  
 Que te sert si grande despense?  
 C'est trop de flammes pour vn cuer.  
 Esparguez en vne estin celle,  
 Puis fay ton effort d'esmoûoir,  
 La fiere qui ne veut point voir,  
 En quel fu je brusle pour elle.  
 Execute Amour ce dessein,  
 Et rabaisse vn peu son audace,  
 Son cuer ne doit estre de glace.  
 Bien que elle ait de Nieve le sein.

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Montanus ended his Sonnet with such a volley of sighs, and such a streame of teares, as might haue moued any but Phoebe to haue graunted him fauour. But she measuring all his passions with a coye disdain, and triumphing in the poore Shepheardes patheticaill humours, smiling at his martyrdome, as though loue had been no maladie, scornfully warbled out this Sonnet.

## Phoebes Sonnet a replie to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe.

*Thus Phillis sung*

*by fancie once distressed:*

*Who so by foolish Loue are stung,  
are worthely oppressed.*

*And so sing I. With a downe, downe, &c.*

*When Loue was first begot,*

*And by the mooners will*

*Did fall to humane lot*

*His solace to fulfill.*

*Denoid of all deceit.*

*A chaste and holy fire*

*Did quicken mans conceipt,*

*And womens breast inspire.*

*The Gods that saw the good*

*That mortalls did approue,*

*With kinde and holymood*

*Began to talke of Loue.*

*Downe a downe,*

*Thus Phillis sung*

*by fancie once distressed, &c.*



*But during this accord,  
 A wonder strange to heare :  
 Whilest Loue in deed and word  
 Most faithfull did appeare.  
 False semblance came in place  
 By iealozie attended,  
 And with a double face  
 Both loue and fancie blended.  
 Which made the Gods forsake,  
 And men from fancie flie,  
 And maidens scorne a make ;  
 Forsooth and so will I.*

*Downe a downe.*

*Thus Phillis sung  
 by fancie once distressed ;  
 Who so by foolish Loue are stung  
 are worthely oppressed.*

*And so sing I.*

*with downe a downe, a downe downe, a  
 (downe a,*

Montanus hearing the cruel resolution of Phœbe, was  
 so ouergrown with passions, that from amorous Ditties.  
 he fell flat into these tearmes ; Ah Phœbe quoth he, where-  
 of art thou made, that thou regardest not my maladie ? Am  
 I so hatefull an object, that thine eyes condempne me for an  
 abiect ? or so base, that thy desires cannot stoop so lowe as to  
 kende mee a gracious looke : My passions are manie, my  
 loues more, my thoughts loyalty, and my fancie faith : all  
 deuoted in humble deuoir to the service of Phœbe : & that  
 I reape no reward for such fealties. The Swaines daylie  
 labours is quit with the eueninges hire, the Ploughmans  
 toyle is eased with the hope of corne, what the Dre sweates  
 out at the plough he fatneth at the cribbe : but infortunate  
 Montanus hath no salue for his sorowes, nor any hope of  
 recom-

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recōpence for the hazard of his perplexed passions. If Phœbe, time may plead the p̄oofe of my truth, twice seuen winters haue I loued faire Phœbe: if constancie bee a cause to farther my sute, Montanus thoughtes haue begne sealed in the sweete of Phœbes excellēce, as farre from change as she from loue: if outward passions may discover inward affections, the furrowes in my face may decypher the sorowes of my heart, and the mappe of my looke the griefes of my minde. Thou seest (Phœbe) the teares of despayre haue made my cheekes full of wrinkles, and my scalding sighes haue made the aire Echo her pitie conceiued in my plaints: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my miseries. I haue pourtraied in euerie tree the beautie of my Distresse, & the despaire of my loues. What is it in the woods cannot witnes my woes? and who is it would not pitie my plaints? Onely Phœbe. And why? Because I am Montanus, and she Phœbe; I a worthelesse Swaine, and shee the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull Phœbe, oh might I say pitifull, then happie were I though I tasted but one minute of that good hap. Measure Montanus not by his fortunes but by his loues; and ballaunce not his wealthe, but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares: if not, oh if Phœbe can not loue, let a storme of frownes ende the discontent of my thoughts, and let me perishe in my desires, because they are aboue my deserts: onely at my death this fauour cannot be denied me, that all shall say, Montanus died for loue of harde hearted Phœbe. At these words sheild her face full of frownes, and made him this short and sharpe replie.

Importunate Shepheard, whose loues are lawlesse, because restlesse: are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? Or art thou so folly-sick, that thou must needs be fancie-sicke? and in thy affection tied to such an exigent, as none serues but Phœbe. Well sir, if your market may be made no where els, home again,  
for



for your Part is at the fairest. Phœbe is no lettice for your lippes, and her grapes hangs so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet Montanus I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine; not that I scozne thee, but that I hate Loue: for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer Fancie, as ouer Fortune. Rest thee content therefore Montanus, cease from thy loues, and brydle thy lookes; quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame: for in louing me thou shalt lue by losse, & what thou vtterest in words, are all written in the winde. Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardie as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as louing as Leander; Phœbe could not loue, because she cannot loue at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus, I must flie with Daphne.

Ganimede over-hearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behinde the bush said; And if Damzell you fled from me, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches vnder my fete. Phœbe at this sodaine replie was amazed, especially when she saw so faire a Swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, shee would haue been gone: but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his replie thus. What Shepheardesse, so fayre and so cruell? Disdaine beleeues not cottages, nor coyne maides: for either they be condemned to bee too proude, or too froward. Take heede (faire Nymph) that in despising Loue, you be not over-reacht with Loue, and in shaking off all, shape your selfe to your own shadow: and so with Narcissus proue passionate & yet unpitied. Oft haue I heard, and sometimes haue I seene, high disdaine turnd to hot desires. Because thou art beautifull, be not so cope: as there is nothing moze faire, so there is nothing moze fading, as momentary as the shadowes which growes from a clowdie Sunne. Such (my faire Shepheardesse) as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might haue been loued in the prime. A wrinkled maide

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is like to a parched Rose, that is cast by in coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no follie in Loue to had I wist: and therefore be rulde by me, Loue while thou art young, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot bee recalde, and if thou loue, like of Montanns: for as his desires are manie, so his deserts are great.

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeplie enamoured on his perfection, as Montanus inueigled with hers: for her eye made suruey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had been leapt from Elizium in the shape of a Swaine. When she blusht at her owne follie to looke so long on a stranger, she milde made aunswere to Ganimede thus. I cannot denie sir but I haue heard of Loue, though I neuer felt Loue; and haue read of such a Goddess as Venus, though I neuer saw anie but her picture: & perhaps, and with that she waxed red and bashful, and with all silent: which Ganimede perceiuing, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps sir (quoth she) mine eye hath ben more prodigall to day than ever before: and with that she staid againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed. Aliena seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt periode she broke off, and with her eyes full teares, and her face couered with a vermillion die, she sat downe and sighht. Whereupon, Aliena and Ganimede seeing the Shepheardsse in such a strange plight, left Phoebe with her Montanus, wishing her friendly that shee would be more pliant to Loue, least in penance Venus ioynd her to some sharpe repentaunce. Phoebe made no replie, but fetcht such a sigh, that Echo made relation of her plaint: giuing Ganimede such an adieu with a piercing glaunce, that the amorous Girdle-boy perceived Phoebe was pinchd by the heele.

But leauing Phoebe to the follies of her new fancie, and  
Monta-



Montanus to attend vpon her; to Saladyne, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena: insomuch that he framed a sweete conceipted sonnet to content his humour, which he put in his bosome: being requested by his brother Rosader to go to Aliena and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them that his wounds were not dangerous. A more happie message could not happen to Saladyne, that taking his Forrest bil on his necke, he trudgeth in all hast towards the plaines, where Alienas flockes did feede: coming iust to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phoebe. Fortune so conducted this iollie Forrester, that he encountered them and Coridon, whom he presently saluted in this manner.

Faire Shepheardesse, and too faire, vnlesse your beautie be tempred with courtesie, & the liniments of the face graced with the lowlinesse of minde: as manie good fortunes to you and your Page, as your selues can desire, or I imagine. My brother Rosader (in the griefe of his greene wounds) still mindfull of his friends, hath sent me to you with a kind salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious in whose defence he receiued the preiudice. The report of your welfare, will bee a great comfort to his distempered bodie and distressed thoughts, and therefore he sent mee with a strickt charge to visite you. And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome in that you are messenger from so kind a Gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrowe, as hee brookes them with griefe; and his wounds breedes in vs as manie passions, as in him extremities: so that what disquiet hee feeles in bodie, wee partake in heart. Wishing (if wee might) that our mishap might salue his maladie. But seeing our wilis peelds him little ease, our orizons are neuer idle to the Gods for his recouerie. I pray youth (quoth Ganimede with teares in his eyes) when the Surgeon searcht him, helde he his wounds dangerous? Dangerous (quoth Saladyne) but not mortall: and the sooner to be cured, in

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that his patient is not impatient of anie paines : whereupon my brother hopes within these ten dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth Ganimede) say his Rosalynde commends her to him and bids him be of good cheere. I know not (quoth Saladyne) who that Rosalynde is, but whatsoever she is, her name is neuer out of his mouth : but amidst the deepest of his passions he bleseth Rosalynde as a charme to appease all sorowes with patience. Insomuch that I coniecture my brother is in loue, and the some Paragon that holdes his hart perplexed : whose name he oft records with sighs, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with smiles ; as if in one person Loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherein I haue noted the variable disposition of fancie, that like the Polype in colours, so it changeth into sundrie humours : being as it should seeme a combate mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wapt in a sweete prejudice, like to the Sinoplc tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruite infects the tast. By my faith (quoth Aliena) sir, you are deepe read in loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience ? Howsoever, you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discover our secreete aphorismes. But sir our countrey amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your singing : for poore Shepheards neuer plaine them till Loue paine them, where the Courtiers eyes is full of passions when his heart is most free from affection : they court to discover their eloquence, we wooe to ease our sorowes : euerie faire face with them must haue a new fancie sealed with a forefinger kisse and a farre fetcht sigh ; we heere loue one, and liue to that one so long as life can maintain loue, vsing few ceremonies because we know few subtilties, and little eloquence for that wee lightly accompt of flatterie : only faith and troth thats Shepheards wooing, and sir howe like you of this ? So (quoth Saladyne) as I could tie my selfe to such loue. What, and looke so low as a Shepheardeesse, being the Sonne of Sir  
John



John of Bourdeaux : such desires were a disgrace to your honours. And with that surueying exquisitely euerie part of him, as uttering all these words in a deepe passion, she espi- ed the paper in his bosome : whereupon growing iealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, she sodainly snatcht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret? She was bashfull, and Saladyne blusht : which she perceiuing sayd ; May then sir, if you waxe redde, my life for yours tis some Loue matter : I will see your Distresse name, her praises, and your passions. And with that she lookt on it : which was wrytten to this effect.

## Saladynes Sonnet.

If it be true that beauens eternall course  
With restlesse sway and ceaselesse turning glides,  
If aire inconstant be, and swelling course  
Turne and retournes with many fluent tides,  
If earth in winter summers pride estrange,  
And Nature seemeth onely faire in change.

If it be true that our immortall spright  
Derinde from heavenly pure, in wandring still  
In noueltie and strangenesse doth delight,  
And by disconerent power discerneth ill,  
And if the bodie for to worke his best  
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest :

Whence comes it that (inforst by furious Skies)  
I change both place and soyle, but not my hart?  
Yet salue not in this change my maladies?  
Whence growes it that each obiekt workes my smart?  
Alas I see my faith procures my misse,  
And change in loue against my nature is.  
Et florida pungunt.

# Euphues

Aliena having read ouer his sonnet, began thus pleasant-  
ly to descant vpon it. I see Saladyne (quoth shee) that as  
the Sunne is no Sunne without his brightnesse, nor the di-  
amond accounted for precious vnlesse it be hard: so men are  
not men vnlesse they be in lone; and their honours are mea-  
sured by their amours not their labours, counting it more  
commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fancie, than full  
of vertue. I had thought

*Otiā si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus,  
Contempta q̃ iacent, & sine luce faces:*

But I see Ouids axiome is not authenticall, for euen labor  
hath her loues, and extremitie is no pumice stone to race out  
fancie. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends & coun-  
tre by Torismond, (sorowes enough to suppress affecti-  
ons) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Loue will  
be Lord, and shew his power to bee more predominant than  
Fortune. But I pray you sir (if without offence I maye  
craue it) are thep some new thoughts, or some olde desires?  
Saladyne (that now saw opportunitie pleasant) thought  
to strike while the yron was hote, and therefore taking Ali-  
ena by the hand sate downe by her; and Ganimede to giue  
them leaue to their Loues, founde her selfe busse about  
the foldes, whilst Saladyne fell into this prattle with A-  
liena.

○ Faire Mistres, if I bee blunt in discovering my affecti-  
ons, and vse little eloquence in leuelling out my loues: I  
appeale for pardon to your owne principles that say, Shep-  
heards vse few ceremonies, for that they acquaint theselues  
with few subtilties: to frame my selfe therefore to your  
countrey fashion with much faith and little flatterie, knowe  
beautifull Shephcardesse, that whilst I liued in the court  
I knew not Loues cumber, but I held affection as a toy, not  
as a maladie; vsing fancie as the Hiperborei do their flow-  
ers, which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them  
in the fire for fuell at night. I liked al because I loued none,  
and who was most faire on her I fed mine eye: but as cha-  
rly



rely as the Bee, that as soone as shee hath suckt honnie from the rose, flies straight to the next Marigold. Liuing thus at mine owne list, I wondred at such as were in loue, & when I read their passions, I tooke them only for poems that flowed from the quicknesse of the wit not the sorowes of the heart. But nowe (faire Nymph) since I became a Forrester, Loue hath taught me such a lesson that I must confesse his deitie and dignitie, and saye as there is nothing so precious as beautie, so there is nothing more piercing than fancie. For since first I arrived in this place, and mine eie tooke a curious suruey of your excellence, I haue been so fettered with your beautie and vertue, as (sweet Aliena) Saladyne without further circumstance loues Aliena. I coulde paint out my desires with long ambages, but seeing in manie words lies mistrust, and that trueth is euer naked; let this suffice for a countrey wiving, Saladyne loues Aliena, and none but Aliena.

Although these words were most heauenly harmonie in the eares of the Shepheardesse: yet to seeme coye at the first courting, and to disdain Loue howsoeuer shee desired Loue, she made this replie.

Ah Saladyne, though I seeme simple, yet I am more subtiler than to swallow the hook because it hath a painted bait: as men are wilie so women are warie, especially if they haue that wit by others harmes to beware. Doo wee not knowe Saladyne, that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchaunt Argus with an hundred eyes; and their words as prejudiciall as the charmes of Circes, that transfigure men into monsters. If such Syrens sing, wee poore Women had neede stoppe our eares, least in hearing we proue so foolish hardie as to beleue them, and so perrish in trusting much, and suspecting little. Saladyne, *Piscator ictus sapit*, he that hath been once poysoned & afterwards feares not to bowse of euerie potion, is woorthie to suffer double pennaunce. Giue me leaue then to mistrust, though I doo not condempne. Saladyne is now in loue with Aliena, he

## Euphues

a Gentleman of great Parentage, she a Shepheardesse of meane Parents; he honourable, and shee poore? Can Loue consist of contrarieties? Will the Fawlcen pearch with the Kistresse, the Lion harbour with the Woolfe? Will Venusioyne roabes andrags together? Or can there be a simparchie betweene a King and abegger. Then Saladyne how can I beleue thee that loue should vnite our thoughts, when Fortune hath set such a difference betwene our degrees? But suppose thou likest of Alienaes beautie, men in their fancie resemble the waspe, which scoynes that flower from which she hath fetcht her ware; playing like the inhabitants of the Ilande Tenerifa, who when they haue gathered the sweete spices, vse the trees for fuel: so men when they haue glutted themselves with the faire of womens faces, holde them for necessarie euills; and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast away fancie as children doe their rattles; and loathing that which so deepe lie before they like, especially such as take loue in a minnte, & haue their eyes attractiue like ieate apt to entertaine anie obiect, are as readie to let it slip againe. Saladyne hearing howe Aliena harpt still vppon one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, hee broke off her sharp inuectiue thus.

I graunt Aliena (quoth hee) manie men haue doone amisse in proouing soone ripe and soone rotten, but particular instances inferre no generall conclusions: and therefore I hope what others haue faulted in shall not preiudice my fauours. I will not vse sophistrie to confirme my loue, for that is subtiltie; nor long discourses, least my words might bee thought moze than my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the honour of a Gentleman I loue Aliena, and wooe Aliena not to crop the blossomes and reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honourable ende of marriage.

At this word marriage: Aliena stood in a maze what to answer: fearing that if she were too coy to vniue him away  
with



with her disdaine; and if she were too courteous to discover the beate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to do, at last this she said. Saladyne euer since I saw thee, I fauoured thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou dost faithfully manifest thy thoughtes, and in liking thee I loue thee so farre as mine honour holdes fancie still in suspense: but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt shoulde be quickly decided: but for this time to gine thee an answer, assure thy selfe this, I will either marrie with Saladyne, or still liue a virgine: and with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimede espying, thinking he had had his Mistres long enough at shift, said; what, a match or no? A match (quoth Aliena) or els it were an ill market. I am glad (quoth Ganimede) I would Rosader were well here to make vp a messe. Well remembred (quoth Saladyne) I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone: and therefore least being solitarie he should increase his sorrowes, I will hast me to him. May it please you then to commaund me a- ny seruice to him, I am readie to be a duetifull messenger. Onely at this time commend me to him (quoth Aliena) & tell him, though wee cannot pleasure him we pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations: but say to him that Rosalynde sheds as manie teares from her heart, as he drops of blood from his wounds, for the sorrow of his misfortunes; feathering all her thoughtes with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content: say thus (good Saladyne) and so farewell. He hauing his message, gaue a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Aliena: and so playing loath to depart, went to his brother. But Aliena, she perplexed and yet ioyfull, past away the day pleasantly still praising the perfection of Saladyne, not ceasing to chat of her new Loue, till euening drew on; and then they folding their sheepe, went home to bed. Where we leaue them and returne to Phoebe,

## Euphues

Phœbe fiered with the unconquy flame of loue; returned to her fathers house; so galled with restlesse passions, as now she began to acknowledge, that as there was no flower so fresh but might bee parched with the Sunne, no tree so strong but might bee shaken with a storme; so there was no thought so chaste, but Time armed with Loue could make amorous: for shee that helde Diana for the Goddess of her deuotion, was now faine to flie to the Altare of Venus; as suppliant now with prayers, as she was froward afore with disdain. As she lay in her bed, she called to minde the seuerall beauties of yong Ganimed, first his locks, which being amber hued, passeth the weathe that Phœbus puts on to make his front glorious; his browe of yuorie, was like the seate where Loue and Maestie sits inthronde to enchayne Fancie; his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, darting forth frownes with disdain, and smiles with satior, lightening such lookes as would enflame desire, were shee wrapt in the Circle of the frozen Zoone; in his cheekes the vermilion teinture of the Rose flourished vpon naturall Alabaster, the blush of the Morne and Lunaes siluer shewe were so liuely portrayed, that the Trojan that fills out wine to Iupiter was not halfe so beautifull; his face was full of pleasure, and all the rest of his linaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phœbe was fettered in the sweetnes of his feature. The Idea of these perfections tumbling in her minde, made the poore Shepheardesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempered with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixed with a content, she rather wished to die, than to liue in this amorous anguish. But wishing is little worth in such extreames, and therefore was she fozt to pine in her maladie, without anie salue for her sorrowes. Reueale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie; and to conceale it, why it doubled her grieve: for as fire suppressed growes to the greater flame, and the Current stopt to the more violent streame; so Loue smothered wrings the heart with the deeper passions.



Perplexed thus with sundrie agonies, her foode began to faile, and the disquiet of her minde began to worke a distemperature of her bodie; that to be short Phoebe fell extreame sicke, and so sicke, as there was almost left no recoverie of health. Her father seeing his faire Phoebe thus distressed, sent for his friends, who sought by medicine to cure, and by counsaile to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her bodie was feeble through long fasting, yet she did *magis egrotare animo quam corpore*. Which her friends perceiued and sorrowed at, but salued it they could not.

The newes of her sicknesse was bruted abroad thorough all the Forrest: which no sooner came to Montanus eare, but he like a madde man came to visite Phoebe. Where sitting by her bedde side, he began his Exordium with so manie teares and sighes, that she perceiuing the extremitie of his sorowes, began now as a louer to pitie them, although Ganimede helde her from redressing them. Montanus craued to knowe the cause of her sicknesse, tempred with secrete plaints: but she answered him (as the rest) with silence, hauing still the forme of Ganimede in her minde, & coniecturing how shee might reueale her loues. To utter it in words she found her selfe too bashfull, to discourse by anie friend shee would not trust anie in her amours, to remayne thus perplexed still and conceale all, it was a double death. Whereupon for her last refuge she resolved to write vnto Ganimede: and therefore desired Montanus to absent him selfe a while, but not to depart: for she would see if she could keale a nappe. He was no sooner gone out of the chamber, but reaching to her standish, she tooke penne and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

## Euphues blog

Phoebe to Ganymede wisheth what she  
wants her selfe.

**F**Aire Shepheard (and therefore is Phoebe unfortunate because thou art so faire) although herbert mine eyes were adamant to resist Love, yet I no sooner saw thy face but they became amorous to intertaine Love: more devoted to fancie than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by Nature, and drawn to the other by beautie; which being rare, and made the more excellent by many vertues, hath so snared the freedom of Phoebe, as she rests at thy mercie, either to be made the most fortunate of all Maidens, or the most miserable of all Women. Measure not Ganymede my loves by my wealth, nor my desires by my degrees: but thinke my thoughts are as full of faith, as thy face of amiable favours. Then as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me most constant. If thou deemest me hardhearted because I hated Montanus, thinke I was forst to it by Fate: if thou saist I am kinde hearted because so lightly I loue thee at the first looke, thinke I was driven to it by Destenie, whose influence as it is mightie, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were any thing but unfortunate Love, I would strive with Fortune: but he that wrests against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If then Ganymede, Love enters at the eye, harbours in the heart, and will neither bee driven out with Physicke nor reason: pitie me, as one whose maladie hath no salve but from thy sweete selfe, whose grieve hath no ease but through thy graunt, and thinke I am a Virgine, who is deeply wrongd, when I am forst to wooe: and coniecture Love to be strong, that is more forceable than Nature.

Thus distressed unlesse by thee eased, I expect either to  
live



# golden Legacie.

55

Live fortunate by thy fauour, or die miserable by thy Deniall.  
Lining in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine, or  
not be at all.

Phæbe.

To this Letter she annexed this Sonnet.

## Sonnetto.

My boate doth passe the straights  
of seas incens'd with fire,  
Fild with forgetfulnesse :  
amidst the winters night,  
A blinde and carelesse boy  
(brought vp by fonde desire)  
Doth guide me in the sea  
of sorrow and despight.

For euery oare, he sets  
a ranke of foolish thoughts,  
And cuts (in stead of waue)  
a hope without distresse ;  
The windes of my deepe sighs  
(that thunder still for noughts)  
Haue split my sayles with feare,  
with care, with heauinesse.

A mightie storme of teares,  
a blacke and hideous cloude,  
A thousand fierce disdaines  
doe slacke the halcyons ofte :

## Euphues blog

22  
Till ignorance doo pull  
and error halethe shrowdes,

No starre for safetie shines,  
no Phœbe from aloft.

Time hath subdned arte,  
and ioy is slauē to woe :

Alas (Lones guide) be kinde ;  
what shall I perish so ?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, she could find no fitte messenger to sende it by; and therefore shee called in Montanus, and intreated him to carrie it to Ganimede. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceiue what passion pincht her; yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his Mistres in all seruice) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing messenger of his owne Martyrdom. And so (taking the letter) went the next morne verie early to the Plaines where Aliena fed her flockes, and there hee found Ganimede sitting vnder a Pomegranade tree sorowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge deliuered Ganimede the letters, which (he said) came from Phœbe. At this the wanton blusht, as beeing abash't to thinke what newes should come from an vnknown shepheardesse, but taking the letters vnrapt the seales, and read ouer the discourse of Phœbes fancies. When shee had read and over-read them, Ganimede began to smile, & looking on Montanus fell into a great laughter: and with that called Aliena, to whom she shewed the writings. Who hauing perused them, conceipted them verie pleasantly, and smiled to see how Loue had poakt her, who befoze disdained to stoupe to the lure, Aliena whispering Ganimede in the eare, and saying; Knewe Phæbe what want there were in thee to perforce me her will, and how vnfit thy kinde is to bee kinde to her, she would be moze wise and lesse enamoured: but lea-  
uing



uing that, I pray thee let vs sport with this Swaine. At that worde, Ganimede turning to Montanus, began to glaunce at him thus.

I pray thee tell me Shepheard, by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from my Mistresse fauours, art thou in loue with Phœbe? Oh my Youth, quoth Montanus, were Phœbe so farre in loue with me, my flockes would be more fat and their Master more quiet: for through the sorrowes of my discontent growes the leanness of my sheepe. Alas poore Swaine quoth Ganimede, are thy passions so extreame or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason will blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou striuest for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phœbe, while Montanus forget himselfe: for those characters which true Loue hath stamped, neither the enuie of Time nor Fortune can wipe away. Why but Montanus quoth Ganimede, enter with a deepe insight into the despaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progresse in loue is a regresse to losse, swimming against the streame with the Crab, and flying with Apis Indica against winde and weather. Thou seekest with Phœbus to winne Daphne, and shee flies faster than thou canst followe: thy desires soare with the Hobbie, but her disdaine reacheth higher than thou canst make wing. I tell thee Montanus, in courting Phœbe thou barkest with the Wolves of Syria against the Moone, and roauest at such a marke with thy thoughtes, as is beyoud the pitch of thy bow, praying to Loue when Loue is pitilesse, and thy maladie remedilesse. For prooue Montanus read these letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follies and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed a sourse of confused passions, in his heart: at euerie line his coulour changed, and euerie sentence was ended with a periode of sighes.

## Euphues

At last, noting Phœbes extreame desire toward Ganimede, and her disdain towards him, giving Ganimede the letter, the Shepheard stood as though hee had neither wonne nor lost. Which Ganimede perceiuing, wakened him out his dreame thus; Now Montanus, dost thou see thou vowest great seruice and obtainest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, she maketh thee as Bellephoron carrie thine owne bane. Then drinke not willingly of that pottion wherein thou knowest is poyson, creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What Montanus, there are manie as faire as Phœbe, but most of all more courteous than Phœbe. I tell thee Shepheard, fauour is Loues fuel: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into smoake, and rather sorrow for a while than repent thee for euer.

I tell thee Ganimede (quoth Montanus) as they which are stung with the Scorpion, cannot be recovered but by the Scorpion, nor hee that was wounded with Achilles lance be cured but with the same trunchion: so Apollo was faine to crie out, that Loue was onely eased with Loue, and fancie healed by no medecin but fauor. Phœbus had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion, Cyrces had charmes for all chaunces but for affection, and Mercurie subtil reasons to refell all griefes but Loue. Perswasions are bootlesse, Reason lendes no remedie, Counsaile no comfort, to such whome Fancie hath made resolute: and therefore though Phœbe loues Ganimede, yet Montanus must honor none but Phœbe.

Then quoth Ganimede, may I rightly tearme thee a despayring Louer, that liuest without ioy, & louest without hope: but what shall I doe Montanus to pleasure thee? Shall I despise Phœbe as she disdaines thee? Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renew my griefes, and double my sorowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas Ganimede, though I perish in my thoughtes, let not her die in her desires. Of all passions,  
Loue



Loue is most impatient: then let not so faire a creature as Phoebe sinke vnder the burden of so deepe a distresse. Being loue sicke, she is proued heart sicke, and all for the beautie of Ganymede. Thy proportion hath entangled her affection, and she is snared in the beautie of thy excellence. Then sith she loues thee so deere, mislike not her deadly. Bee thou paramour to such a paragon: shee hath beautie to content thine eye, and flockes to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt winne by her: for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealchie, three deepe perswasions to make loue frolicke. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and plead that Ganymede ought to loue Phoebe, when his onely life was the loue of Phoebe: answered him thus. Why Montanus dost thou further this motion: seeing if Ganymede marrie Phoebe thy market is clean mard. Ah Mistres (quoth he) so hath Loue taught mee to honour Phoebe, that I would preiudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire rather than she should perish for want. It shal suffice me to see him contented, and to feed mine eye on her fauour. If she marrie though it be my Martyrdome: yet if shee bee pleased I will brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne starres to see her desires satisfied. Therefore if Ganymede bee as courteous as hee is beautifull, let him shew his vertues, in redressing Phoebes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed both Aliena and Ganymede to see the resolution of his loues: so that they pitied his passions and commended his patience; deuising how they might by anie subtiltie, get Montanus the fauour of Phoebe. Straight (as Womens heads are full of wyles) Ganymede had a fetch to force Phoebe to fancie the Shepheard Malgrado the resolution of her minde hee prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus (quoth he) seeing Phoebe is so forlorne least I might be counted unkinde, in not saluing so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phoebe, and there heare her selfe in worde utter that which she hath discoursed with her penne, and then

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as Loue wills me, I will set downe my censure. I will  
home by our house, and send Coridon to accompanie Alie-  
na. Montanus seemed glad of this determination, and a-  
way they goe towards the house of Phœbe. When they  
drew nigh to the Cottage, Montanus ranne afoze, & went  
in and tolde Phœbe that Ganimede was at the doze. This  
word Ganimede sounding in the eares of Phœbe, draue her  
into such an extasie for joy, that rising vp in her bed she was  
halfe reuiued, and her wan colour began to waxe red: and  
with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phœbe with  
such a curteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sor-  
rowes. Sitting him downe by her bed side, hee questioned  
about her disease, and where the paine chiefly helde her?  
Phœbe looking as louely as Venus in her night geere,  
tainting her face with as ruddie a blush as Clitia did when  
when shee bewrayed her Loues to Phœbus: taking Ga-  
nimede by the hand began thus. Faire shepheard, if loue  
were not moze strong then nature, or fancie the sharpest ex-  
treame; my immodesty were the moze, and my vertues the  
lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their  
hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: But  
Loue, that imperious Loue, where his power is pꝛedomi-  
nant, then he peruersts all and wresteth the wealth of nature  
to his owne will: an Instance in my selfe saye Ganimede,  
for such a fire hath hee kindled in my thoughts, that to finde  
ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of mo-  
destie and seeke a salue at thy handes for my secret harmes:  
blame mee not if I bee ouer bolde for it is thy beautie, and  
if I be too forward it is fancie, & the deepe insight into thy  
vertues that makes me thus fond. If or let me say in a word,  
what may be contayned in a volume, Phœbe loues Gani-  
mede: at this she held downe her head and wept, and Gani-  
mede rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fin-  
gers made this replie. Water not thy plants Phœbe, for  
I doe pitie thy plaintes, nor seeke not to discouer thy Loues  
in



in teares: for I coniecture thy trueth by thy passions: sorrow is no salue for lones, nor sighes no remedie for affection. Therefore frolick Phoebe, for if Ganymede can cure thee, doubt not of recouerie. Yet this let me say without offence, that it græues me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires haue ben so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall: But thou alleadgest that thou art forst from him by fate; so I tell thee Phoebe either some starre or else some destinie fits my minde rather with Adonis to die in chase, than be counted a wanton in Venus knee. Although I pittie thy martyrdome, yet I can grant no mariage; for though I held thee faire, yet mine eye is not fettered, Loue growes not like the hearb Spattanna to his perfection in one night but creepes with the snail, and yet at last attaines to the top Festina Lente especially in Loue: for momentarie fancies are oft times the fruites of follies: If Phoebe I should like thee as the Hiperborci do their Dates, which banquet with them in the morning and throw them awaie at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more, Therefore I will haue time to turne my thoughts, and my Loues shall growe by as the water Cresses, slowly but with a deepe roote. Thus Phoebe thou maist see I disdain not though I desire not, remaining indifferent till time and loue makes me resolute. Therefore Phoebe seeke not to suppress affection, and with the Loue of Montanus quench the remembrance of Ganymede, striue thou to hate me as I seeke to like of thee, and euer haue the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for I promise thee thou mayst haue one more welchie but not more loyall. These wordes were corasives to the perplexed Phoebe, that sobbing out sighes and strapping out teares shee blubbered out these wordes.

And shall I then haue no salue of Ganymede, but suspense, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but be posted off to the will of time: iustly haue the Gods ballast

## Euphues

my fortunes, who beeing cruell to Montanus found Ganimede, as vnkinde to my selfe: so in forcing him perissh for loue, I shall die my selfe with ouermuch loue. I am glad (quoth Ganimede) you looke into your owne faults, and see where your shoue wryngs you, measuring now the paines of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth quoth Phoebe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse toward the Shepheard, that could I cease to loue Ganimede, I would resolute to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phoebe to mislike of Ganimede, will she then fauour Montanus? When reason (quoth she) doth quench that loue that I owe to thee, then will I fancie him: conditionallie, that if my loue can bee suppress with no reason, as beeing without reason, Ganimede wil onely wed himselfe to Phoebe. I graunt it faire Shepheardesse quoth he: and to feede thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolute on: I will neuer marrie my selfe to woman but vnto thy selfe: and with that Ganimede gaue Phoebe a fruitelesse kisse & such words of comfort, that before Ganimede departed she arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheere, as could be found in such a Countrey cottage. Ganimede in the midst of their banquet rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus fauour, which highly pleased the Shepheard. Thus all three content, and soothed vp in hope, Ganimede toke his leaue of his Phoebe & departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganimede, who had her thoughtes on her Rosader, when she calde to remembrance his wounds, fild her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of sorowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the Fildes, thinking with her presence to driue away her passions. As she came on the Plaines, she might espie where Rosader and Saladyne sate with Aliena vnder the shade: which sight was a salve to her griefe, and such a cordiall vnto her heart, that she tript alongst the Lawnes full of ioy.

At last Coridon who was with them spied Ganimede,  
and



and with that the Clowne rose, and running to meeete him cried, Oh sirba, a match, a match, our Mistres shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolickt it before Ganimede, who comming to the crue saluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that hee was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroade so sone quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday next must bee solemnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where Loue leades delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serues, where both the parties are willing. Truth quoth Ganimede: but a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynde. Ah good Ganimede (quoth he) by naming Rosalynde renue not my sorowes: for the thought of her perfections, is the thall of my miseries. Tush, bee of good cheere man quoth Ganimede, I haue a friend that is deeply experiens in Negromancie and Magicke, what arte can do shall bee acted for thine aduantage: I will cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or anie bordering Nation harbour her; and vpon that take the faith of a young Shepheard. Aliena smilde to see how Rosader frownde, thinking that Ganimede had iested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the Page (somewhat pleasant) began to discourse vnto them what had past betweene him and Phoebe: which as they laught, so they wondred at; all confessing, that there is none so chaste but Loue will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to set, they tooke their leaues and departed: Aliena providing for their marriage day such solempne cheere and handsome roabes as fitted their countrey estate, & yet somewhat the better, in that Rosader had promised to bring Gerismond thether as a guest. Ganimede (who then meant to discover her selfe before her father, had made her a gowne of greene, and a kirtle of the finest sendall, in such sort that she seemed some heauenly Nymph harboured in Countrey attire.

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Saladyne was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor Rosader in mindfull to bid guests, who invited Gerismond and all his Followers to the Feast: who willingly graunted; so that there was nothing but the daye wanting to this marriage. In the meane while, Phœbe being a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might be to please the eye of Ganimede; and Montanus suited himselfe with the cost of many of his flocks to be gallant against that day; for then was Ganimede to giue Phœbe an answer of her loues, and Montanus either to heare the twine of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse. But while this geare was a byuing, Phœbe past not one day without visiting hir Ganimede, so farre was shee wrapt in the beauties of this lovely Swaine. Much prattle they had, and the discourse of manie passions, Phœbe wishing for the daye (as shee thought) of her welfare, and Ganimede smiling to thinke what vnerpected euent would fall out at the wedding. In these humours the weeke went away, that at last Sundaye came.

No sooner did Phœbus Hench man appeare in the Skie, to giue warning that his masters horses shoulde bee trapt in his glorious couch, but Coridon in his holiday sute meruailous seemely, in a russet iacket welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, hauing a paire of blew chamlet flœues, bound at the wæsts with foure yealow laces, closed afore verie richly with a dosen of pewter buttons: his hose was of gray karsie, with a large flop bard ouerthwart the pocket holes with thre fair gards, sticht of either side with red thred, his stock was of the own sewed close to his breech, and for to beautifie his hose, he had trust himself round with a dosen of new thredde points of medley coulour: his bonnet was greene whercon stood a copper brooch with the picture of Saint Denis: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his olde dayes, he had a sayre shyrt band of fine lockram, whipt ouer with Couentrey blew, of no small cost.

Thus



Thus attired, Coridon bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of Floraes choyce bowers, than anie Countrey cottage.

Thether repaired Phœbe with all the maides of the forest to set out the bride in the most seemeliest sort that might be: but howsoever she helpt to pranke out Aliena, yet her eye was still on Ganimede, who was so neate in a sute of gray, that he seemed Endymion when hee won Luna with his lookes, or Paris when he plaide the Swaine to get the beautie of the Nymph Oenone. Ganimede like a prettie Page waited on his Distresse Aliena, and ouerlookt that al was in a readinesse against the Bridegroome shoulde come. Who attired in a Forresters sute came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning; where arrived, they were solempnlie entertained by Aliena and the rest of the Countrey Swaines, Gerismond verie highly commending the fortunate choyce of Saladyne, in that had chosen a Shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward beauties, being no lesse faire than seeming modest.

Ganimede comming in and seeing her Father began to blush, Nature working affects by her secret effects: scarce could she abstaine from teares to see her Father in so lowe fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royall Pallace, attended on by twelue noble peeres, now to be contented with a simple Cottage, and a troupe of reuelling Woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made Ganimede full of sorowes: yet that shee might triumph ouer Fortune with patience, and not anie way dash that merrie day with her dumps, shee smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth: and verie reverently welcommed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

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As thus the King with his Forresters frolickt it among the shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire mazer full of Sida, and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute, that he began to smile, and tooke it of the old sheheard verie kindly, drincking to Aliena and the rest of her faire maides, amongst whom Phoebe was the foremost. Aliena pledged the King, and drunke to Rosader: so the carrowse went round from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were thus drincking and ready to goe to Church, came in Montanus apparailled all in tawney, to signifie that he was forsaken; on his head he wore a garland of willowe, his bottle hanged by his side wheron was painted despaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets as labels of his loues & fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of griefe, as his heart was of sorowes, shewing in his countenance the map of extremities. As soone as the Shepheards saw him, they did him all the honour they could, as being the flower of all the Swaines in Arden: for a bonnier boy was there not seene since the wanton Mag of Troy that kept sheepe in Ida. He seeing the king, and guessing it to be Gerismond, did him all the reuerence his countrey curtesie could afford. Insomuch that the King wondring at his attire, began to question what he was. Montanus ouerhearing him made this replie.

I am sir quoth he Loues Swaine, as full of inward discontentes as I seeme fraught with outward follies. Mine eyes like Bees delight in sweete flowers, but sucking their full on the faire of beautie, they carrie home to the Hie of my heart farre more gall than honnie, and for one droppe of pure deaw, a tunne full of deadly Aconiton. I hunt with the Flie to pursue the Eagle, that flying too nigh the Sunne, I perish with the Sunne: my thoughts are aboue my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes; yet neither greater than my Loues. But daring with Phaeton, I fall with Irarus, and seeking to passe the meane, I dye  
for



for being so meane my nights sleepes are waking slumbers,  
as full of sorowes as they be farre from rest, and my dayes  
labours are fruitelesse amours, staring at a starre and stum-  
bling at a strawe, leauing reason to follow after repentance;  
yet euerie passion is a pleasure though it pinch, because loue  
hides his wormeseede in figs, his popsons in sweet potions,  
and shadowes preiudize with the maske of pleasure. The  
wisest counsayloz are my deepe discontentes, & I hate that  
which should salue my harme, like the patient which stung  
with the Tarantula loathes musicke, and yet the disease in-  
curable but by melodie. Thus (Sir) reslesse I holde my  
selfe remediles, as louing without either reward or regard,  
and yet louing, because there is none worthe to bee loued,  
but the Mistresse of my thoughts. And that I am as full  
of passions as I haue discourst in my playnts, Sir if you  
please see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my sor-  
rowes.

These wordes of Montanus brought the King into a  
great wonder, amazed as much at his wit as his attyre: inso-  
much that he tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them  
to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

*Alas how wander I amidst these woods,  
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accessse:  
But where the melancholie fleeting floods  
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,  
Disarmed of reason, spoylde of natures goods,  
Without redresse to salue my heavinesse  
I walke, whilest thoughts (too cruell to my harmes)  
With endlesse griefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.*

*My silent tongue assailde by secreete feare,  
My traitrous eyes imprisoned in their ioy.*

R

My

## Euphues

*My fatal peace deuour'd in fained cheere,  
My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,  
My reason robde of power by yeelding eare,  
My fond opinions flane to euerie toy.*

*Oh Loue thou guide in my uncertaine way,  
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.*

Et florida pungunt.

When the King had read this Sonnet, hee highly commended the deuice of the Shepheard, that could so wittely wrap his passions in a shadow, and so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefeft discontent: affirming, that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the smallest haire their shadowes; so the meanest Swaines had their fancies, and in their kind were as charie of Loue as a King. Whetted on with this deuice, he tooke the second and read it: the effects were these.

### Montanus second Sonnet.

*When the Dog*

*Full of rage,*

*With his irefull eies*

*Frownes amidst the Skies.*

*The Shepheard to asswage*

*The furie of the heate,*

*Himselfe doth safely seate*

*By a fount*

*Full of faire,*

*Where a gentle breath*

*( Mounting from beneath )*

*Tempreth the aire.*

There



There his flockes  
Drinke their fill,

And with ease repose  
Whilest sweete sleepe doth close  
Eies from toylsome ill.

But I burne  
Without rest,

No defensive power  
Shields from Phœbes lower:  
Sorrow is my best.

Gentle Loue  
Lowre no more,

If thou wilt invade,  
In the secret shade,  
Labour not so sere.

If my selfe

And my flockes

They their loue to please,  
If my selfe to ease,  
Both leaue the shadie oakes:  
Content to burne in fire  
Sith Loue doth so desire.

Et florida pungunt.

Gerismond seeing the pythie vaine of those Sonnets, began to make further enquire what he was? Whereupon Rosader discoursed unto him the loue of Montanus to Phœbe, his great loyaltie and her deepe crueltie: and how in reuenge the Gods had made the curious Nymph amorous of young Ganimede. Upon this discourse, the King was desirous to see Phœbe: who being brought before Ge-

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rismond by Rosader, shadowed the beaucie of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the Kings eyes began to dazle at the puritie of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his lookes awhile vpon her faire, he questioned with her, why she rewarded Montanus loue with so little regard, seeing his desertes were manie, and his passions extreamie. Phoebe to make replie to the Kings demaund, answered thus; Loue (sir) is charie in his lawes, and whatsoeuer he sets downe for iustice (bee it neuer so vniust) the sentence cannot be reuerst: womens fancies lend fauours not euer by desert, but as they are inforced by their desires: for fancie is tied to the wings of Fate, and what the Starres Decree stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wise, & womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardlie escaping the charme of a pleasant tongue, as Vlissthe melodie of the Syrens. Montanus is beautifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of obiectes, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the Bee to sucke on a sweete flower. Montanus is wealthie, and an ounce of gine mee perswades a woman more than a pound of heare mee. Danae was won with a golden shower, when she could not be gotten with all the intreates of Iupiter: I tell you sir, the string of a womans heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand, and let a man rub that with golde, and tis hard but she will prooue his hearts golde. Montanus is yong, a great clause in fancies court; Montanus is vertuous, the richest argument that Loue yeelds: and yet knowing all these perfections I praise them, and wonder at them, leauing the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the Destinies haue set downe a contrarie censure. Yet Venus to adde reuenge, hath giuen me wine of the same grape, a sippe of the same sauce, and firing me with the like passion, hath crost me with as ill a penance: for I am in loue with a Shepherds swaine, as coy to me as I am cruell to Montanus, as peremptorie in disdaine as I was peruerse in desire, and that is (quoth she) Aliens Page, yong Ganymede.

Gerismond



Gerismond desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede: who knowing the case, came ingraced with such a blush, as beautified the Chistall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The King noting well the phisnomie of Ganimede, began by his fauours to call to minde the face of his Rosalynde, and with that fetcht a deep sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demaunded of him why he sight so soze: Because Rosader (quoth he) the fauour of Ganimede puts me in minde of Rosalynde. At this word, Rosader sight so deeply as though his heart would haue burst. And what's the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite mee with such a sigh: Pardon mee sir (quoth Rosader) because I loue none but Rosalynde. And vpon that conditien (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynde were heere, I woulde this day make vp a marriage bet wixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnde her head and smilde vpon Ganimede, and she could scarce keep countenance. What shee salued all with secrecie, and Gerismond to driue away such dumps, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was hee regarded not Phœbes loue, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine. Ganimede mildly answered, If I shoulde affect the faire Phœbe, I shuld offer pooze Montanus great wrong to win that from him in a moment, that he hath laboured for so manie monts. Yet haue I promised to the beautifull shepheardesse, to wed my selfe neuer to woman except vnto her: but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppress Phœbes loue towards me, she shal like of none but of Montanus. To that quoth Phœbe I stand, for my loue is so far beyond reason, as it will admit no perswasion of reason. For iustice quoth hee, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand quoth Phœbe. And in your victorie quoth Montanus stands the hazard of my fortunes: for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceipt Loues March; if Phœbe win, then am I in effect most miserable. We will see this controuersie quoth Gerismond, & then we

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will to Church: therefore Ganymede let vs heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth she) and you shall see one in store. In went Ganymede and dyest her selfe in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the Forrest: vpon her head she wore a chaplet of Roses, which gaue her such a grace, that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her flowers. Thus attired came Rosalynde in, and presented her selfe at her fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, crauing his blessing, and discoursing vnto him all her fortunes, how she was banished by Torismond, and how euer since she liued in that Countrey disguised.

Gerismond seeing his daughter, rose from his seate and fell vpon her necke, vttering the passions of his ioy in warric plaints driuen into such an extasie of content, that he could not vtter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and ioyfull, I referre my selfe to the iudgement of such as haue experience in loue, seeing his Rosalynde before his face whom so long and deeplie he had affected. At last Gerismond recovered his spirits, and in most fatherlie tearmes entertained his daughter Rosalynde, after many questions demaunding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader. So much sir (quoth she) as there wants nothing but your Grace to make vp the mariage. Why then (quoth Gerismond) Rosader take her, she is thine, and let this day sollemnise both thy brothers and thy nuptials. Rosader beyond measure content, humblie thanked the King & embraced his Rosalynd: who turning towards Phoebe, demaunded if she had shewen sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loues. Yea quoth Phoebe, and so great a perswasive, that please it you Datame and Aliena to giue vs leaue, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in mariage. She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted dispaire, and cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing



ing himselfe as frolicke as Paris when he banished his loue with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phoebe should keepe their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena seeing Saladyne stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. Why how now my Saladyne, all a mort, what melancholy man at the day of mariage? perchance thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thine owne base desires to chuse so meane a Shepheardize. Cheere vp thy heart man, for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a King; for know Saladyne, I am not Aliena, but Alinda the daughter of thy mortall enemye Torismond.

At this all the companie was amazed, especiallie Gerismond, who rising vp tooke Alinda in his armes, and sayd to Rosalynde; is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forsooke her fathers Court to liue with thee exile in the Countrey? The same quoth Rosalynd. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladyne, tollie Forrester be frolick, for thy fortunes are great, and thy desires excellent, thou hast got a Princesse as famous for her perfection as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beautie wonne (quoth Saladyne) an humble seruant as full of faith as she of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed with these Comickall euent, Coridon came skipping in and told them that the Priest was at Church and tarried for their coming. With that Gerismond led the way and the rest followed, where to the admiration of all the countrey swaines in Arden their mariages were solemnely solemnised. As soone as the Priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readinesse. Dinner was prouided, and the tables beeing spread, and the Brides set downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne and Montanus that day were seruitors: homely cheere they had such as their countrey could affoord; but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat and many discourses of their loues.

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lones and fortunes. About into dinner, to make them merry Coridon came in with an olde crowde, and plaide them a fit of mitty, to which he sang this pleasant song.

### Coridons song.

A blythe and bonnie countrey Lasse,  
heigh ho the bonnie Lasse:  
Sate sighing on the tender grasse,  
and weeping said, will none come woo me?  
A smicker boy a lither Swaine  
heigh ho a smicker Swaine,  
That in his loue was wanton faine,  
With smiling looks straight came vnto her.

When as the wanton wench espide,  
heigh ho when she espide  
The meanes to make her selfe a bride,  
she simpred smooth like bonnie bell:  
The Swaine that saw her squint eyed kinde,  
heigh ho so squint eyed kinde,  
His armes about her bodie twinde  
and said faire Lasse, how fare ye, well?

The countrey kit said well for sooth.  
heigh ho well for sooth,  
But that I haue a longing tooth  
a longing tooth that makes me crie:  
Alas said he what garres thy griefe?  
heigh ho what garres thy griefe?  
A wound quoth she without reliefe,  
I feare a maide that I shall die.

If that be all the Shepheard said  
heigh ho the shepheard said,



He make thee wine if gentle maide,

And so recure thy maladie.

Hereon they kist with manie a oath,

Altho' ho with manie a oath,

And for God Pan did plight their troath,

And to the Church they hid them fast.

And God send enerie pretie peate

Altho' ho the pretie peate

That feares to die of this conceate,

So kinde a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon hauing thus made them merrie: as they were in the midst of all their iollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernadyne was arrived, and desired to speake with them. Gerismond ouer hearing this newes, demaunded who it was? It is sir (quoth Rosader) our middle brother, that lyues a Scholler in Paris: but what fortune hath diuen him to seek vs out I know not. With that Saladyne went and met his brother, whom he welcommmed with all curtesie, and Rosader gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment: brought hee was by his two brothers into the parlour where they al sate at dinner. Fernadyne as one that knewe as manie maners as he could pinte of sophistrie, & was as well brought vp as well lettered, saluted them all. But when hee espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee he did him what reuerence belonged to his state: and with that burst forth into these speeches. Altho'gh (right mightie Prince) this day of my brothers mariage be a day of mirth, yet time craues another course: and therefore from valintie rates rise to sharpe weapons. And you he sonnes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, leaue off your amours fall to armes, change your loues into lances, and now this day shewe your selues as valiant, as he thereto you haue been passionate. For know Gerismond, that hard by the edge of this Forrest the twelve Peeres of France

## Euphues

France are by in Armes to recouer thy right ; and Torismond troupt with a crue of desperate ruuagates is ready to bid them battaile. The Armites are readie to ioyne: therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy subiects : and you Saladyne & Rosader mount you, and shewe your selues as hardie souldiers as you haue been heartie louers : so shall you for the benefite of your Countrey, discouer the Idea of your fathers vertues to bee stamped in your thoughts, and proue children worthe of so honourable a parent. At this alarum giuen by Fernandyne. Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betock themselves to their weapons. May quoth Gerismond, goe with me I haue horse and armour for vs all, and then being well mounted, let vs shew that we carrie reuenge and honour at our lawchions points. Thus they leaue the Brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father : he not returning a word because his hast was great, bled him home to his Lodge, where he deliuered Saladyne and Rosader horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally led the way : not hauing ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a Valley both the batailles were ioyned. Gerismond seeing the roing wherein he Peeres fought, thrust in there, and cried Saint Denis Gerismond laying on such loades vppon his enemies, that hee shewed how highly he did estimate of a Crowne. When the Peeres perceived that their lawfull King was there they grewe more eager : and Saladyne and Rosader so behued themselves, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Peeres were conquerours, Torismonds armie put to flight, & himselfe slaine in battaile. The Peeres then gathered themselves together, and saluting their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was receiued with great ioy of all the citizen. As soone as all was quiet and he had receiued againe the Crowne, hee sent for Alinda and Rosalynde to the Court, Alinda being verie passionate for the death of her father : yee looking it  
with



## golden Legacie.

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with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Well, as soon as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall feast for the Peeres and Lords of his Lande, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a Parliament, by the consent of his Nobles he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdom he restored Saladyne to all his fathers lande, and gaue him the Dukedome of Nameurs, he made Fernandyne principall Secretarie to himselfe: and that Fortune might euerie way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus Lord ouer all the Forrest of Arden: Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon Master of Alindas flocks.

Here Gentlemen may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incur much prejudice; that diuision in Nature as it is a blemish in nurture, so tis a breach of good fortunes; that vertue is not measured by birth but by action; that yonger brethren though inferiour in yeares, yet may be superiour to honours; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt brothers more forcible than fortune. If you gather any frutes by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that fauour, you encourage me to be more forward: and as soon as I haue overlooked my labours, expect the Sailers Kalender.

T. Lodge.

FINIS.